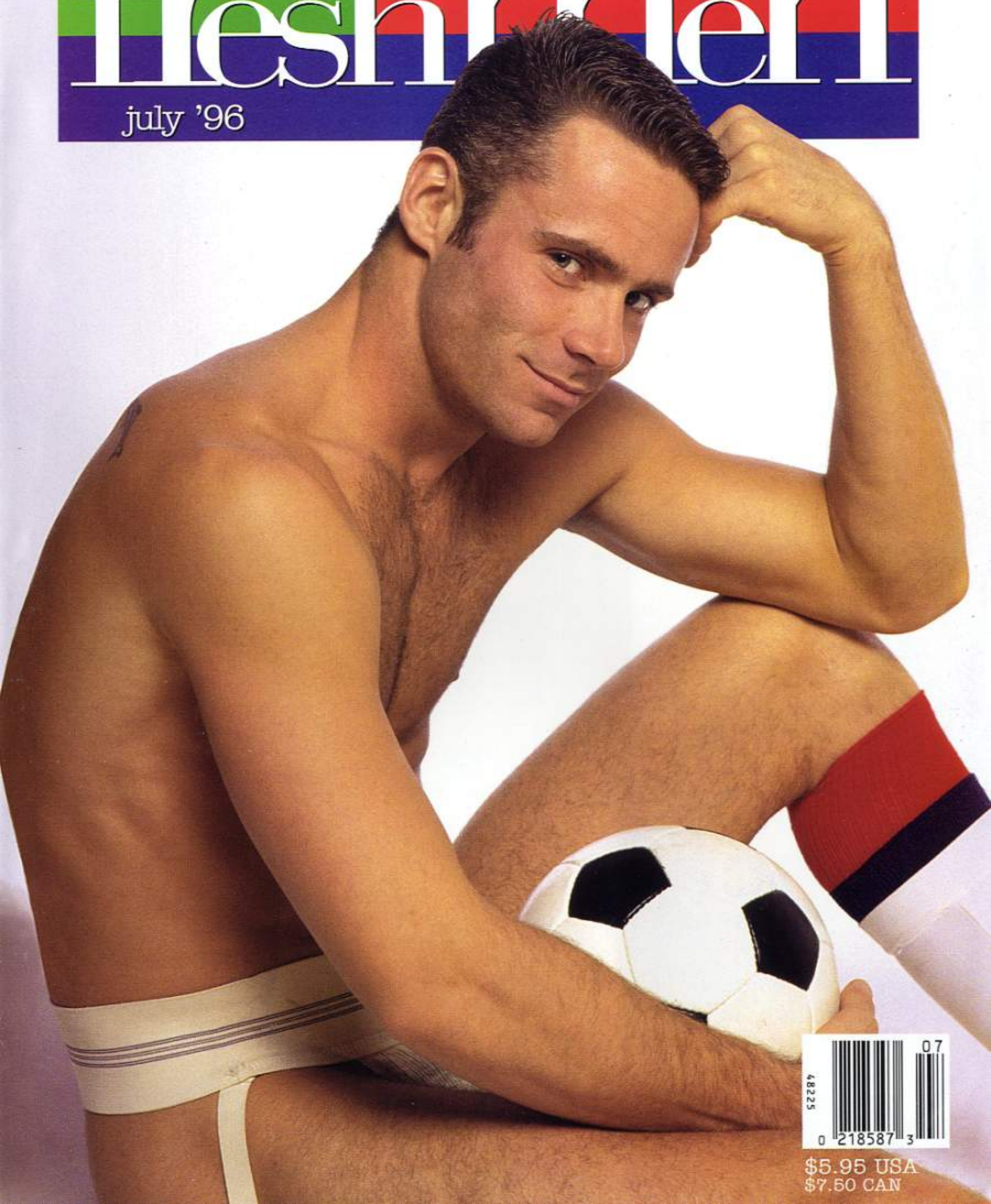


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Letters

A Serkan something

It takes a lot to get me to write a letter praising one of your models—so much so that this is the first time I have ever done it. However, upon seeing Serkan Altan [April 1996], I really felt I had no choice.

Serkan is, to put it briefly yet poignantly, “fuck me up the ass without K-Y” gorgeous! It has literally been years since I have seen a man with such a beautiful combination of body, face, and cock. At first I had my apprehensions about the validity of your interview with him, but then I realized that this is not the type of feature your magazine regularly does. Therefore, to Serkan I happily say, “Welcome to our country, and if you ever need a blow job, give me a call!”

R.B.
Atlanta, Ga.

[Questioning my validity, are you? And after I went to such heroic lengths to get that interview for you? The nerve! I can't remember when I've felt so slighted. Frankly, I think you should be offering me the free blow job. Uh, Thursday evenings are good for me.—Ed.]

If he can make it there...

As a photographer, I have to find out how Johnathan Black and the *FRESH-MEN* interviewer could have kept their hands off of Serkan Altan. I doubt I could have! This guy has me creaming my pants every time I look at him: First his nipples tempt me, then his perfect ass gets me in a sweat, and finally his cock and balls put me over the top. A guy whose erection stands up at attention like that gets me so excited, I just bust out of my pants and squirt.

Tell Serkan to please come visit New York dressed just as he is. I promise to keep his male vulnerability concealed by my hungry mouth and hungrier butt!

T.M.
New York, N.Y.

[I can't speak for Johnathan Black, but as for my perceived professionalism (there's a laugh), well, I was too busy fumbling with the tape recorder to lay my hands on Serkan. I hate when that happens.—Ed.]

Observation dreck

Thanks for your great April 1996 issue. I especially adored the layout and interview with Serkan Altan. He has such an innocent look, but that cock looks anything but innocent. What a beauty; the harassment he endured was surely the result of jealousy.

The thing that puzzles me is how model Richard Isaacs in the same issue was able to move his tattoo and nipple ring around from picture to picture. It must be a lick-and-stick tattoo and a clip-on nipple ring. No matter—he has other things I'd like to lick and stick (up my ass). I really get off on redheads.

Keep up the excellent work. I just wish the magazine were three times as big and came twice as often.

J.J.
Detroit, Mich.

[I can't believe you didn't add, "So I could come twice as often too." What remarkable restraint you must have. Hey, I bet you're really good in bed. Would you like to go out with me sometime? As I said, I have Thursdays free.—Ed.]

“Serkan
is,
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Serkan Altan April 1996

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Letters

“How can you
do this
to a dirty
old man
like me?”

Richard Isaacs April 1996

DAVID SILVERCLOUD



Seeing red

Two years ago my mate committed suicide, and since then I have not dated anyone. But Richard Isaacs reminded me that I am, in fact, still alive and with desires. This young man is perfect, in my opinion. I love the red hair and all of those wonderful freckles. He is really sexy, and I will spend hours of enjoyment with his pictures. Oh, those sexy feet—and that cock is my cup of tea, without a doubt. The picture of him lying on his stomach sends me right over the edge. Thank you, Richard, for reminding me that I'm really still alive.

M.C.

Norman, Okla.

[I'm glad Richard could help. That's ultimately what all of us are here for. Good luck to you.—Ed.]

Brick-a-brac

How can you do this to a dirty old man like me? Now that I'm old and gray (and do it only twice a day), you feature that built-like-a-brick-outhouse Brick [April 1996]. All my friggin' life I've been seeking the ideal man—and who hasn't? Now I feel destined to wither away in the sand dunes of West Texas while Brick is carrying on with some lucky bugger. Brick really is the Holy Grail I've been hunting for.

C.W.

San Angelo, Tex.

Aw, fuck it

I just received your April issue; thank God I had sense enough to renew my subscription. Cover boy Derek Cameron is just plain beautiful—in fact, his is probably the most beautiful face you've featured, as far as I'm concerned. I love his dick, and I could tongue that asshole forever, then fuck it, fuck it, fuck it!

L.A.

Kansas City, Mo.

[Let's be absolutely clear on this: You're saying you want to fuck it?—Ed.]

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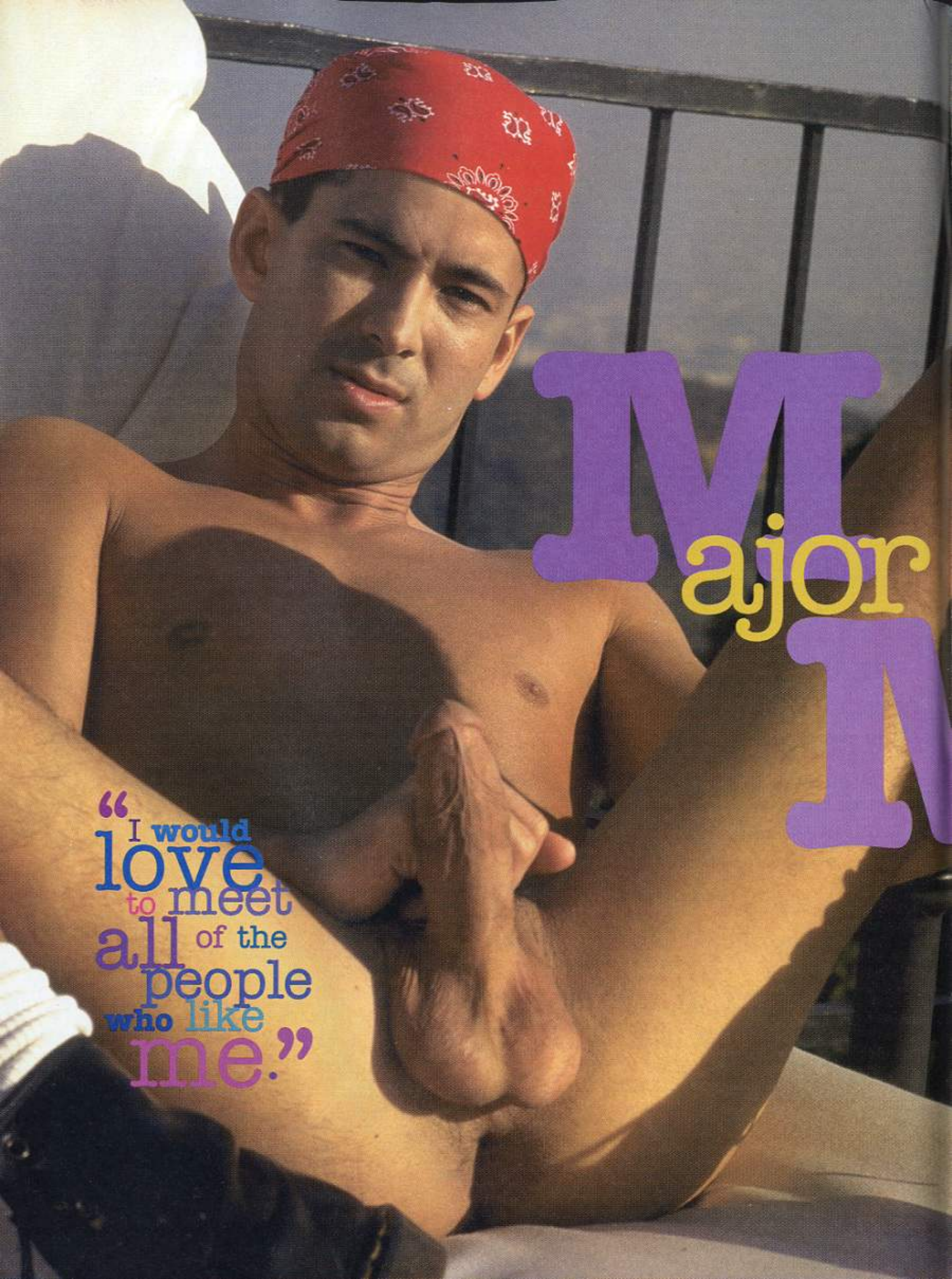
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Major IV

“I would
love
to meet
all of the
people
who like
me.”

Newcomer **Ryan Wagner** was discovered by **Chi Chi LaRue** in Indianapolis last year and spent most of 1995 commuting from Indiana to California and back. With a long list of **studio credits** already, Ryan has shown us his ability to play a **wide range** of **bottoming** roles. **Ryan** seems to have landed a number of these parts based on his **boyish good looks** and his proven knack for portraying the "victim." After making a move to Southern California early in 1996, Ryan now lives with **boyfriend** and fellow porn newcomer **Bryan Kidd**. Look for Ryan and Bryan to costar in **upcoming** videos. And, given his abundant **willingness** to **bottom**, you're sure to **see** a lot **more** of **Ryan** in the **future**.

Meat

by jamoo

Jamoo: So, you just moved to California from...

Ryan: Indianapolis.

Jamoo: And you were discovered by Chi Chi LaRue?

Ryan: Yeah, Chi Chi LaRue, the big girl.

Jamoo: The big girl!

Ryan: It was really funny because my friends were always listening to me talk about wanting to do porn: "Someday I'm going to go to California and live the dream." And then I was visiting somebody out of town and came back home, and Chi Chi LaRue was doing this show at some dive bar in Indianapolis. I had one afternoon free, so I figured, *I'm going to track her down; I'm going to find out where she's staying and how to get in touch with her.* I was just going to ask her to give me five minutes: "Please, please, please, I'll be a tape boy or a condom holder or something, just consider me for something." But I never found her. No

one would tell me where she was staying. I couldn't find out anything, so I equipped myself, and we all went to the bar that night. And I knew I was going to run into her somehow or somewhere.

But this bar was packed, and I figured, *There's no way I'm going to get in to see Chi Chi.* I couldn't even see the performance. So at the end of the show, Ryan Idol was out there signing autographs, and she disappeared. I was in the corner by myself, getting drunk. Then I looked over, and there was Chi Chi calling me to come over, with a big grin and evil look on her face and her six-foot hairdo! And out of the crowd, she picked me and asked me if I had ever considered doing movies. I was so floored! She asked me if I could get her some Polaroids because she was leaving in the morning.

It was funny because I was drunk and it was 2 in the

Major Meat: Ryan Wagner

morning and I needed to get naked Polaroids of me hard and have them to her hotel by 4 in the morning.

So this friend and I, we went to Wal-Mart and bought a Polaroid camera and got some film, and we went back to my house. I shaved, and I got all groomed and all hard and made him take pictures of me nude. I thought it would be hilarious to see what they looked like. We sent them to Chi Chi, she got them, and two weeks later she called me and said, "I have you cast in a Falcon film." And that was it; it hasn't slowed down since.

Jamoo: Fabulous!

Ryan: The queen of porn!

Jamoo: Don't we know it! Now, I'm not even going to attempt this; you tell me. You're...Brazilian?

Ryan: A quarter Brazilian, a quarter Japanese, and half French.

Jamoo: They really love your look in the industry.

Ryan: Yeah, and it's good because nobody can really pinpoint what I am. I mean, I wouldn't even be able to look in the mirror and know. I think it's great because it's unique.

Jamoo: You're a big bottom, aren't you? Would you ever top?

Ryan: I don't know; I'm just into giving up my butt. I mean, you look at a magazine, and you see this big cock, and you go, "Wow, it's ten inches long and six inches in diameter, and, wow, it's great!" I think they should make a magazine where they have asshole diameters for stats: "His asshole's diameter is nine inches," or "He's got his butt spread six inches apart," or, "He can take 14 inches."

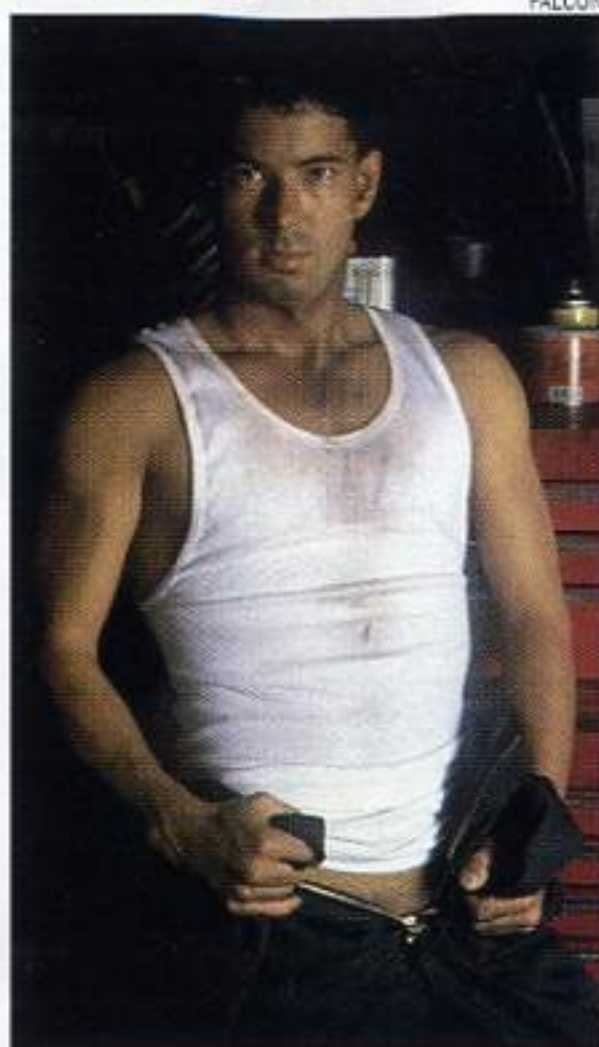
Jamoo: But you enjoy it.

Ryan: I enjoy it.

Jamoo: Like when we were doing that movie, and I said, "Why didn't you tell me it hurt when I fucked you?" and you said, "Because I was supposed to take it."

Ryan: I remember that now! That was so funny. I was screaming even though I've had sex before where I didn't think I could take it or it wasn't comfortable.

When it's all done and over with and the end of the day, you just get a grin on your face when you reflect on it. I mean, in how many professions can you go to work every day and get fucked by some hot guy with a hu-



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mongous dick? So I'm like, "Great, it hurt. So what?"

Jamoo: Did it hurt in a good way though?

Ryan: Yeah, it's a good hurt!

Jamoo: Who are some of your favorites who have hurt you?

Ryan: Well...Cole Youngblood.

Jamoo: Yum!

Ryan: He's a fabulous top. He was probably one of the biggest tops I've ever been with. And I had just a fabulous time.

Jamoo: On- and off-camera.

Ryan: Yeah, we've done it off-camera too. As a matter of fact, I think the sex we've had off-camera is hotter than the sex we've had on-camera.

Jamoo: And he loves to eat butt!

Ryan: Yeah, he loves to eat butt! He's a butt man, he's a big top. He loves ass!

Ricky Price is a good top too. He's the most verbal person I've ever met. He can talk so dirty to you on the set. You could be eating chips, standing off the side in your street clothes, and just happen to hear him and the way he talks—he is so dominating and aggressive and verbal—and it can turn you on so much. I never have a problem getting hard with him!

And in the two Falcon movies I've done with him, it was so easy to work with him. Once he gets into his character, he gets a one-track mind, and he gets everybody into the mood. It's so fabulous. He was supposed to rape me; it was a rape scene with Matt Bradshaw. And aside from the physical part of it, the mental part had me convinced! He convinced me that I was getting raped!

Jamoo: Did he stick his big wiener in your butt?

Ryan: He stuck his big wiener up there and just kept going on and on and on and on. John Rutherford even yelled "Cut!" at one point because they wanted to adjust something—the sheet wasn't in the window or something. It had nothing to do with us, but Ricky wouldn't stop. He goes, "You know, the more I fuck you, the harder I'm going to stay. So I'm just going to keep fucking your little ass, you shit!"

I mean, the camera isn't rolling, and yet I'm still saying, "Don't stop, Ricky! Please don't stop!"

Jamoo: You were just *made* for this industry.

Ryan: And that's sad. Because people

who are made for this industry don't last very long in this industry. But it's fun. And when it quits being fun, I'll get out. Which won't be any time soon, because I'm having lots of fun!

Jamoo: You're getting a lot of fans.

Ryan: I hope so. I just had seven movies come out in one week.

I was making a lot of movies, but none of them were coming out, so I was getting frustrated because I wasn't getting any of the gratification that most porn stars thrive on. And a lot of studios need that to gauge your popularity, whether you're well-received or not well-received. But once those movies came out, they started being viewed, and people were writing to Catalina. Catalina told me they got a really wonderful letter from this fan, and it really, really charged me.

People will think I'm weird, but I just have to say this: I would love to meet all of the people who like me. As someone from Indiana who had such low self-esteem about his body—I mean, I used to go to the bar and I wouldn't even wear short-sleeve shirts. I would just go and stand in the corner all night long. I never approached anybody, I never hit on anybody. So for someone with a background like that—God, I'm living on cloud nine that even one person would be appreciative watching something that I do!

Jamoo: Do you feel there is an advantage for you doing porn? Has it built your self-esteem to the point so that now you think, *Maybe my body does look good; maybe I am cute?*

Ryan: Yep! There's no doubt about it. And part of it is because it forces me to work out and keep my body looking good. I never worked out until I started doing stuff like this. And now I keep working out, and I keep myself tan, and I keep myself well-groomed. I think I look better now than I ever have. And it really helps your self-confidence.

Jamoo: And you meet cute boys!

Ryan: Yeah! That's how I met my boyfriend, on the set for *All Worlds*.

Jamoo: Your boyfriend's name is...

Ryan: Bryan Kidd.

Jamoo: And he's a little blond?

Ryan: He's a little blond. Do you know him?

Jamoo: No, I've been told! So, tell me about that. What was it like meeting him?

Ryan: Bryan wasn't supposed to do that film until the last minute. They called him 24 hours before the shooting to do it. And I wasn't supposed to

“He goes,
‘The more
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the harder
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do it either; I was supposed to fly back to Indiana after being out here for two months. It was supposed to be a really quick shoot, and that would be it. I was going to catch a plane and go home. And I wasn't going to do movies for a long time after that; I wasn't going to move out here or anything.

Chi Chi ended up introducing us, and we just hit it off. So I canceled my flight, and I spent Christmas here with him. And since then it's been like love at first sight. We were just in love with each other on the set. And since then we've done four movies together, and we're scheduled to do one more. And I think it's great because we work very well with each other.

It's interesting. I don't know very many boyfriends who have been in porn together.

Jamoo: You're in love?

Ryan: I'm in love...I think.

Jamoo: You're in lust?

Ryan: I'm in lust! No, I know I'm in love. He's exactly my type. So if anyone ever wanted to know what my type is, it's that blond-haired, blue-eyed, big-dicked, nice-body look!

And off-camera he's a very sincere, nice person. I don't know how people perceive him on-camera, but off-camera he's a very, very nice person to be with, and he's easy to get along with. So we live in California, and we're all happy, with 2.5 kids, a dog, a white picket fence, and a Volvo.

Jamoo: And a butt plug!

Ryan: And a butt plug! You know what's funny? We're both bottoms in the movies. We're always playing bottoms. And a lot of people keep saying, "What happens in your sex life? What do two bottoms do when they're both extremely hot and horny?" And we both have extremely large sex drives. I'll keep people guessing, but it's really funny that we're both primarily bottoms in the movies.

Jamoo: How much longer do you see yourself doing this?

Ryan: I really don't know. It's hard for me to accept sometimes that this industry is hot and cold, hot and cold. I'll keep doing it as long as people want me to keep doing it. But it's hard to predict. I personally would love to do it as long as people want to see me doing it. And Bryan doesn't have a problem with it. Bryan still has a long way to go in his career, I think, and we've both agreed that since we both do the same thing for a living, we'll just let the careers ride themselves out. It's one of those things that we'll just play by ear. I really enjoy it. There's nothing about this industry that I don't like! ●

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I am 27 years old
and lost my virginity
to another man this
year. Since then, I have
never tried to hide
my sexuality from
anyone but my mother.

head
head

I plan to tell her while I am away at college, because she feels uncomfortable about homosexuals and homosexuality. All three of my brothers and my two sisters-in-law have accepted me for who I am. At times, however, I feel alienated deep within myself because I seem to be the only person in my family who is homosexual. Some of my gay, lesbian, and bisexual friends have other family members who are also gay or bi. I believe that I inherited my sexuality, but here I am alone. Am I thinking too much, or am I just a fluke who happened to be born into a straight family?

According to current research, you are not a fluke, and even though you probably did inherit your sexual orientation to some degree, no one really knows how much. You might say that homosexuality just showed up in you rather than in someone else in your family because of a roll of the cosmic dice.

Genetics is not a matter of straightforward arithmetic. It is not true that if my dad is gay, I'll be gay too or that if my mom is straight, my sister will be straight as well. Instead, some genes are dominant, and others are recessive; genes that govern any one particular trait interact with each other as well as with other factors, which all combine to make up each individual. Leaving the other factors aside, there are so many different genetic combinations possible that all the people who have ever lived could not have used up just the options nature gave to you alone.

Carolus Linnaeus, an 18th-century Swedish botanist, often used this example to illustrate how genes work: Genes for brown eyes are dominant, while genes for blue eyes are recessive. If a brown-eyed father and a blue-eyed mother have four children, the statistical probability is that one child will carry only genes for brown eyes and will have brown eyes; one will have blue eyes but carry the gene for brown eyes, which might be passed on to that individual's children; and the other two will have brown eyes but carry a gene for blue eyes, which might never show up in any of their immediate progeny but might show up several generations down the line when nobody's expecting it.

If your sexual orientation was inherited (and if those genetics are as simple as those of eye color), either you have a

distant great-uncle, great-aunt, or great-grandparent who was gay or you could be part of a line of heterosexuals who carry a recessive gay gene or the genes of one of your progenitors may have recently mutated (genes mutate a great deal). In reality, this issue is far too complicated to be adequately addressed in a magazine column, but if you're really curious, visit the biology department on your college campus and ask for some guidance in understanding elementary genetics. Then you can read up on some of the work that has been published over the past ten years in magazines like *Science* and *Nature* that have begun to examine the whole question of whether there actually exists a gay gene.

Finally, I have to agree with Simon LeVay, the highly respected gay scientist who wrote in his book *The Sexual Brain* that little or nothing is known about what generates our sexual orientation and that even though there likely is a genetic component to it, genetics alone cannot account for our human diversity—too much else is going on. He also said he doesn't think it matters why he is gay—he has a right to enjoy his sexuality however he came by it.

I am a teenager, and I think I might be gay, but I also think I might be a woman in a man's body. One thing I know for certain is that I am very confused. I can't talk to my parents, and I can't talk to my counselor at school—actually, I can't talk to anyone. I don't want to kill myself, but I don't know what to do. Can you help me at all? I can't help you directly because I don't know enough about your particular situation. But I can direct you to several sources that should provide some guidance. Go to a bookstore and pick up *The Gay and Lesbian Address Book*. It includes a section that lists more than 100 gay youth organizations across the country and probably includes one in your area. John Preston's *The Big Gay Book* also includes a list of hot lines. Good luck, and let me know how you're doing.

.....
Henkin is a licensed marriage and family therapist, a board-certified sex therapist, and a fellow of the American Academy of Clinical Sexologists. He conducts his private therapy practice in San Francisco. Send your questions c/o FRESHMEN, P.O. Box 4371, Los Angeles, CA 90078-4371.

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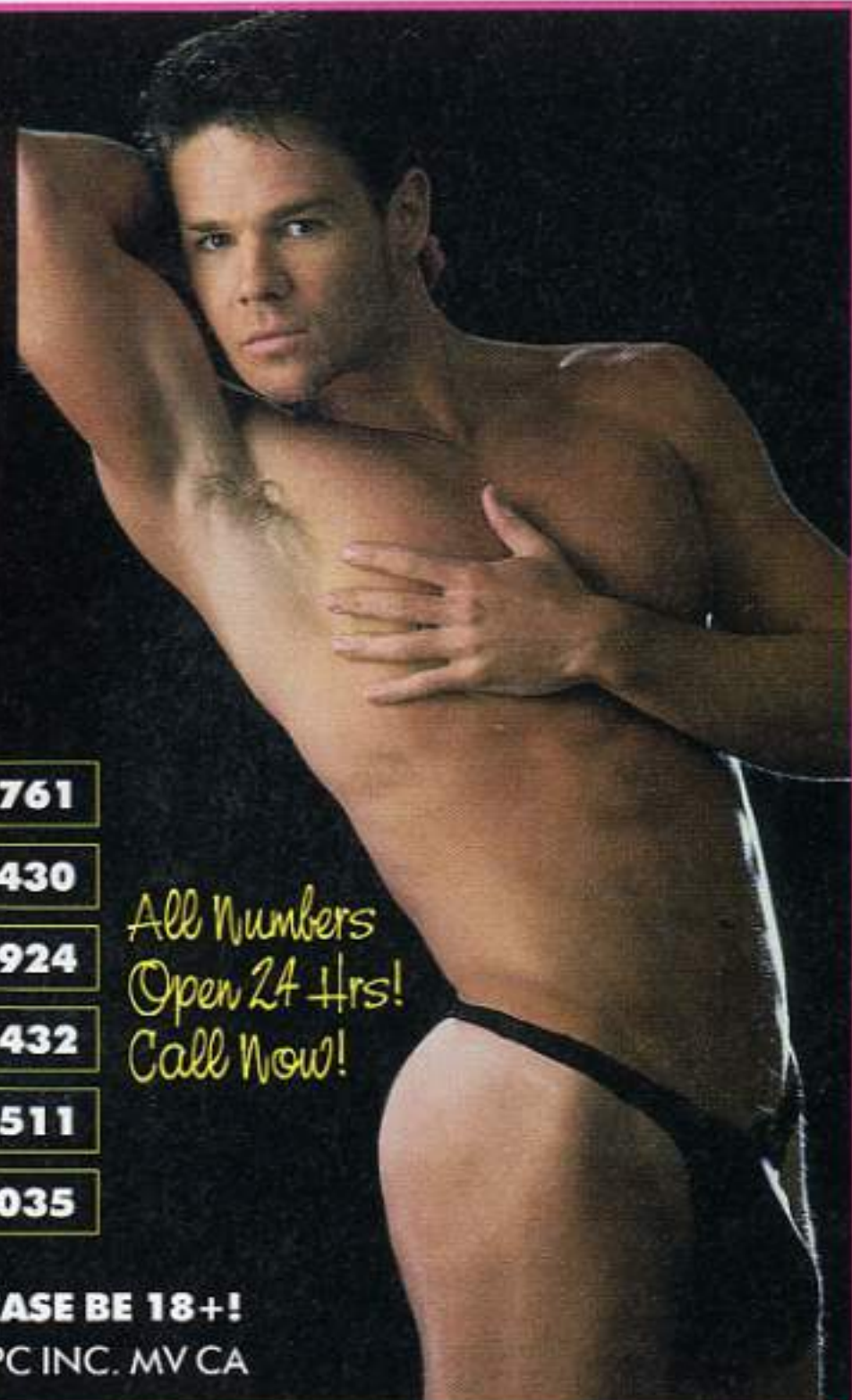
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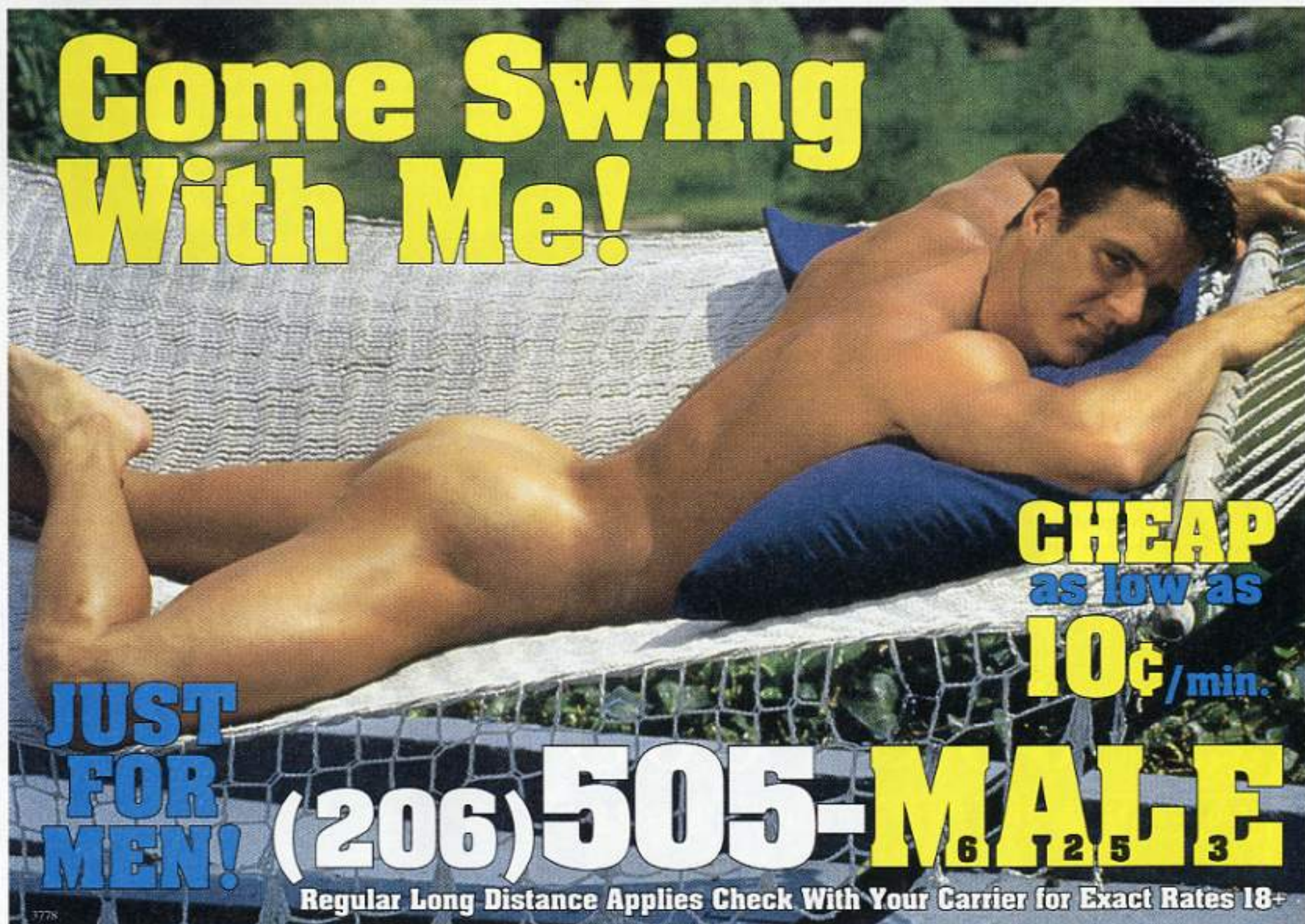
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Come
Together*

A man and a woman are shown in a romantic embrace on a beach. The man is leaning over the woman, and they are both looking at each other. The background features a sunset over the ocean with silhouettes of palm trees and buildings in the distance.

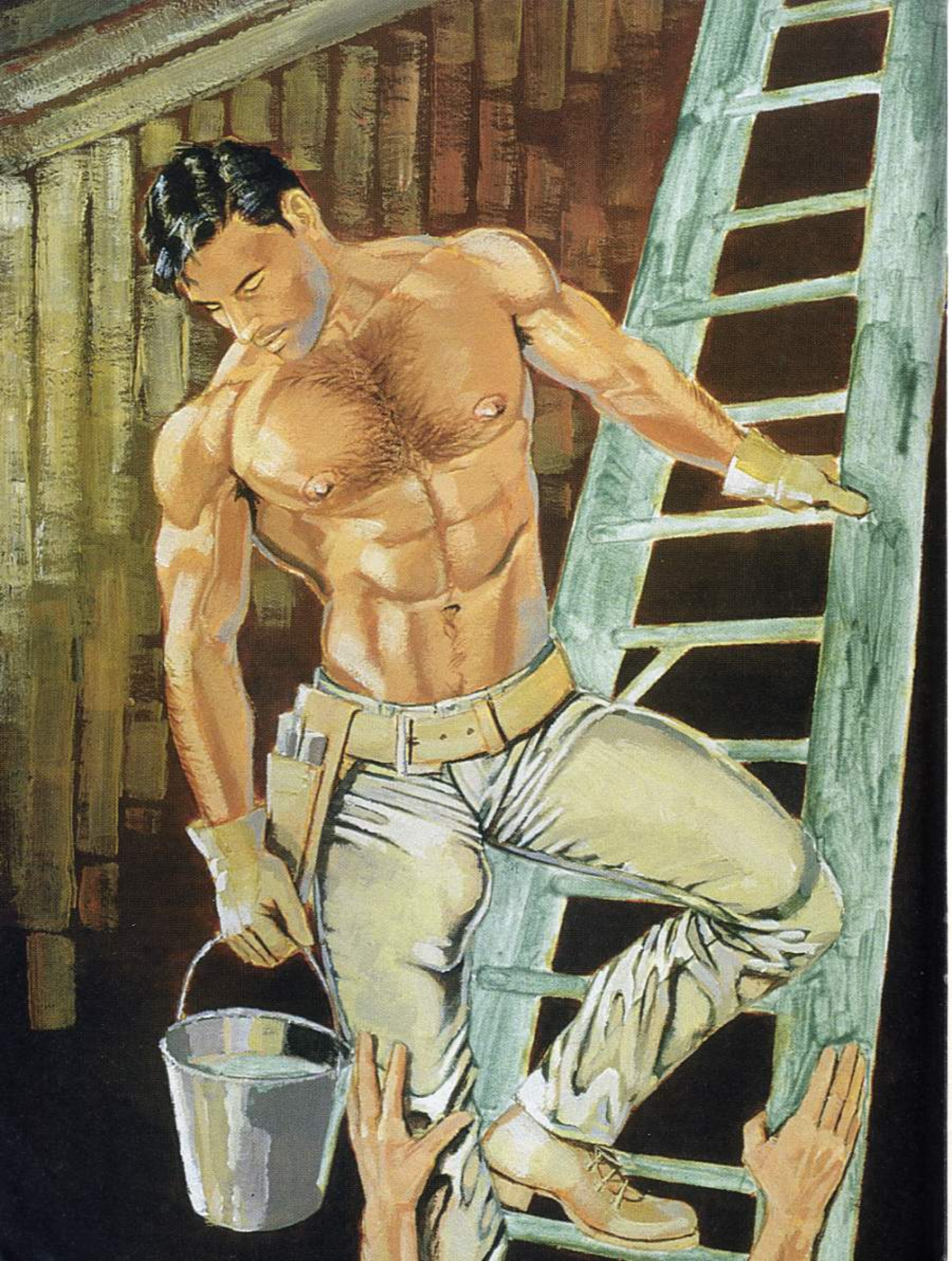
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Adventures In Remodeling

by Greg Harris
Illustration by Kent

At last the workmen had gone home, and I was alone in my new house. I shucked my shorts immediately and got down to work on the fantasies I'd had to suppress all day. It hadn't been easy, what with all the glorious half-dressed flesh my remodelers had paraded in front of me. I sat down on some cases of paint stacked in the living room opposite a tacky wall full of mirrors that hadn't been removed yet and tossed my lowliest expression at my reflection.

Those mirrors would be missed, I thought, even though they were obviously out of character with the old farmhouse. Hell, I'd done the solo thing in front of them (for lack of a partner in such isolated surroundings) every afternoon as soon as the help left.

I pretended that my reflection was the carpenter, Bjorn, a Norwegian-American monument who worked shirtless regardless of the weather. He was tall and blond with a torso that knocked the breath out of me each time I saw it. He'd spent plenty of time in the summer sun, obviously, because the hair on his arms and chest positively glowed against the backdrop of his well-browned hide.

My cock jumped to life at the thought. I spit into my palm (not yet hairy, despite the admonitions of Father McNulty, principal of my high school) and got to work with my own private tool.

"If you want your paycheck, show-off, you're going to have to swallow this first," I growled at my reflection as if it could actually hear me. If I let my eyes go slightly out of focus, I didn't look that much different from Bjorn—just a little shorter and not nearly so tan. I stroked my eight-inch cock passionately for a few minutes while

walking
back and forth along the mirrored wall, and then I got a better idea.

A workbench set up in the corner was just about the height of my crotch. I dragged it to the center of the room and stacked two plastic bags of plaster mix on one end. Then I went into the hall and got a handful of Vaseline out of someone's supplies. I returned to the workbench and lifted the top bag enough to slather Vaseline between it and the lower one. The nice thing about sex for one is that you *can* use Vaseline and you *don't* have to wear a condom.

"This is your ass if I ever get hold of it, Bjorn!" I yelled as I rammed my rod into the Vaseline, thrusting my prong in and out, faster and faster, imagining it was Bjorn's backside I was looking down at. When I could contain myself no longer, I pulled out, turned toward the mirrors, and sprayed one hell of a load from one end to the other.

I collapsed onto some drop cloths for a few minutes and then got up and cleaned up my sticky mess. I wondered why none of the guys (well, except for Sherry the painter) noticed how the mirrors were clean almost every morning in spite of the dust. I went upstairs and crashed for the evening, dreaming of Bjorn all night.

I'd just closed on the old, secluded building the week before and was already up to my neck in plasterers, plumbers, and painters. I'd always wanted a fixer-upper, and I was originally intending to do the fixing-up myself. But my job has a way of taking over my schedule, and I'd had to hire others to do the work, allowing me to get moved in and settled quickly.

The timing was not the best on this deal. I had only two days to separate all my worldly possessions into two categories: the bare necessities to live with for two months and the things I could store until the work was finished. Everything in the first category was now in a second-story bedroom with the door taped shut to keep the construction dust out. The items from the second category were in storage ten miles away in the nearest town.

The day after my latest mirror show, I surveyed my new home: It was in quite a state. The kitchen and both bathrooms had to be completely gutted. The walls in the rest of the house were hidden under layers of wallpaper, so until it was removed their true condition couldn't be determined. The plumber had finished most of his work two days ago, replacing all the kitchen and bathroom fixtures. The drywallers had also finished, but the tile in all three rooms had just been laid, so they were totally off-limits overnight while the glue set. Luckily, there were toilet and shower facilities—albeit rather spartan ones—in the basement. The roofers had completed everything except the dormers yesterday, but they were unable to finish them today because of a steady rain that had been a nuisance for everyone.

It had been a problem for the workers today because it was so humid indoors that the patching compounds were taking a long time to dry. It had been a problem for me because none of these tradesmen (except Sherry) were wearing their shirts. At least ten of the dozen or so guys working here would have been well worth flirting with, but as far as I could tell, all of them were straight. Put two or three of those muscular bodies in one place together and just try not to get a hard-on watching!

Finally the house grew silent as the workers put away their gear for the day. After taking a quick look at the progress on the second floor, I headed to the refrigerator for a beer. Since the kitchen had just been tiled, I had to go out the front door and around back to the porch, where the fridge was temporarily located. *Five o'clock on the dot*, I noted silently as all of their vehicles pulled away almost simultaneously. I grabbed a beer and walked back to the front door. There were only two cars left: mine and a sporty-looking import I didn't recognize.

As I stepped inside and shut the door, someone called my name from upstairs. I reached for the handrail and climbed the stairs two at a time.

I found Tony, who headed the plaster-repair crew, in the master bedroom, standing on a short stepladder and inspecting the freshly patched plaster in one of the dormers.

"Is that your ticket magnet in the driveway?" I asked.

"Nah, it's my sister's," he answered. "She lent it to me for a couple of days while my truck is getting fixed."

He was poking at something on the ceiling with a narrow putty knife.

"Did you see this?" he asked, changing the subject. "This must have just happened; I didn't see it half an hour ago." He twisted around to look at a bubble in the plaster, which gave me a sublime view of his perfect ass—an ass I'd been admiring since the day he started working here. Unfortunately, he had put his T-shirt back on to

leave, so I had to imagine everything above the waist. But he wore his pants so tight that little was left to the imagination. They were pretty thin for painter's pants, and it was obvious that he was wearing black bikini underwear today. Black was the perfect color for Tony's underwear, what with his short black hair and dark 5-o'clock shadow. Big brown eyes like his always give me goose bumps, especially when surrounded by an equally magnificent face. But I wasn't looking at his face at the moment.

After recovering from my momentary distraction, I noticed what he was pointing at: A row of small bubbles had formed, meaning that this small section that the roofers had not been able to finish was now leaking.

"Will you look at that!" He seemed to be somewhat alarmed. "Looks like we'd better get some buckets and some plastic."

Thankful for an excuse to step a little closer to this marvelous specimen of manhood, I looked up. The bubbles were growing right before our eyes. Tony lifted his putty knife and poked at the biggest bubble, and a small trickle of water burst out.

I reached down and moved a small plastic pail under the drip. As I looked

back up, my eyes stopped

briefly. Tony was just high

enough on the little ladder

for his crotch to be at my

eye level. Damn!

Why did he have

to wear his

pants so tight?

What I wouldn't

have given to open

his fly right there and

go to work on that gen-

erous endowment of his!

Luckily for me, my shirttails

hid my stirring erection. With a

sight like that, a hard-on was just

plain unavoidable.

A creaking noise somehow man-

aged to reclaim my attention. I looked

up just in time to see a large section of

the ceiling break loose and fall right on top

of both of us, followed by what must have been

gallons of trapped, sooty rainwater.

We were both soaked to the skin. After the surprise wore off, we muttered a few obscenities and ran for plastic drop cloths and duct tape.

The water kept coming at such a pace that it was obvious that a few buckets wouldn't contain it. Tony opened the window and rigged up a plastic funnel that rerouted the rainwater back outdoors where it belonged. We peeled off our soaked shirts and took turns shoveling, bailing, and mopping for half an hour.

Tony was a sight in dry clothing, but stripped to the waist and sopping wet, he was nothing short of a marvel. His dark hair clung in short curls around his baby face. More hair was perfectly arranged on his massive chest. His arms were somehow strong and delicate at the same time. And he was a good nine inches taller than me. His black underwear showed very clearly now through his wet pants. And what an ass the man possessed! Michelangelo's David would have been jealous. His legs were also massive and well-defined. I could see the hair on them through the thin white canvas: perfect also.

"I can't get in my sister's car like this," he said, "I'll

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ruin the upholstery." He picked up his wet shirt and looked at it blankly. "Don't suppose you've got a shirt and some jeans around that are a little big on you?"

"I don't know. Let's have a look." I stepped into the hall and started removing the masking tape from the edges of the door to the bedroom that contained my belongings. "What size pants do you wear? Or should I ask what size pants you *ought* to be wearing?"

He gave me a sarcastic little sigh and said, "Well, a guy's gotta do what he can to get the right kind of attention, you know?"

We exchanged a brief chuckle as I wadded up the tape and reached for the doorknob. The door was locked.

"Who locked this?" I stared in amazement. "I don't have a key."

"Oops." Tony swallowed hard. "I did. One of the kids with the plumber was looking a little shifty, so I just figured—"

"Great," I said. "I guess I don't have any dry clothes either. At least not until the town's only locksmith comes back from vacation tomorrow."

"Well," Tony said, "the washer and dryer got hooked up today, didn't they?"

"I guess we'll find out." I turned and galloped down the stairs, and Tony followed me out the front door. We walked around to the back, and I hopped up on the porch, opened the fridge, grabbed two more beers, and tossed him one. Tony opened the basement door (fortunately unlocked), and I followed him in.

He emptied his pockets onto the dryer and, without any semblance of shyness, began stripping off his sooty clothes and tossing them into the washing machine, tennis shoes and all. I could have sworn he was doing a striptease for me, the way his perfect ass (just as I'd imagined it) jiggled sumptuously as he shifted his weight from one foot to the other. Even caked with dirt he looked like a gleaming god. Just the right amount of dark hair adorned his legs and buttocks. His back looked even more perfect in its current wet state.

I managed to look away and start emptying my pockets onto the workbench just as he turned around. He snapped open his beer and drank a little, walking over to where the ancient showerhead protruded from the rafters. I had been using the fixtures down here for the past few weeks while the upstairs facilities were out of commission, so there was shampoo and soap but not much else—the shower curtain and towels had been put away in the locked room upstairs. Tony turned on the water and began soaping up. I peeled out of my things as well, threw them in the washer, flung some detergent in, shut the lid, and pulled the knob. The machine began filling with warm water, and the shower continued, apparently without any problem.

I sat down on a lawn chair, popped open my beer, and took a swig. I glanced over at the showering hunk of con-

struction worker in my basement and stared when he wasn't looking. His front side was even more appealing than his back. I was already familiar with his chest, but now I could get acquainted with his thighs and calves. Darkly adorned with just enough hair, they showed the definition of a runner. A neat line ran from the forest on his chest down a flat, rippled stomach to his nether regions. Most of all, his cock was a perfect piece of work. It wasn't quite massive, but it was as much as any boy would want, and an ample foreskin made it appear all the longer.

Tony turned his back without looking up and ducked his head under the spray for a moment, allowing me to give him my full attention. He backed up out of the water again and cleared his throat.

"So what's a guy like you do for fun out here, watch the grass grow?" he teased.

"Unfortunately, the grass doesn't seem to grow very well with construction vehicles parked all over it." I couldn't resist the jab.

"Got a girlfriend?" he asked.

"Nope," I replied, answering a little too quickly, but what was done was done.

"Me neither," he chimed in almost immediately. "So you just tinker around with your house till it's time to go to bed?"

"Yup."

"What are you gonna do when it's finished? Move?"

"Now, there's a thought."

He'd thoroughly rinsed off by now, but he grabbed the soap and began all over again. I shouldn't have complained, but I couldn't resist.

"So you're gonna get extra clean?"

He didn't answer.

"Are you going to save me a little hot water?"

"You don't like to be dirty?" he answered back playfully.

"When it's appropriate."

"Well," he said as he slowly turned around, "I figure you're a dirty kind of guy, so...what say we be dirty together?"

I had wondered why I couldn't see his cock dangling between his legs, and now I knew: He had an easy eight inches' worth of hard-on, and his red knob was peeking out of its cowl and pointing right at me.

I didn't know what to say, so I just sat there like an idiot until my own cock arched up in reply. I downed the other half of my beer in one gulp and stood up.

"I had you figured out a long time ago—I saw the paint and wallpaper you ordered," he teased. "I take it by the size of *your* piece that you either want to get dirty or have some good clean fun." His smile evaporated, and he looked me right in the eye. His voice now low and inviting, he continued, "Come on in and join me; the water's fine."

He stepped out from under the shower and grabbed his beer, likewise finishing it in one swallow. I walked over and started to grab the soap, but after tossing his empty can skillfully into a garbage can across the room, Tony took the soap himself.

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Just the right
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and buttocks.

"Here, let me do that for you."

He took me by the shoulder and pulled me under the water long enough to get me thoroughly wet again and then pulled me away from the spray a little and rubbed the soap over my chest until it was coated. He turned me around and did the same to my back, then put the soap down and turned me back to face him. In a second we were chest to chest, his tongue down my throat. We rubbed our cocks against each other's stomachs for a while, and then he pulled me back into the shower and rinsed us both off.

His hands went to my shoulders and pushed me to my knees, with scant resistance on my part. I took his balls in one hand and kneaded them while my tongue dived inside his foreskin for a taste of heaven. In a minute I was pushing back his cock sock and exposing the most perfect dick head I've ever seen—so perfect, it demanded worship, and worship it I did. I took just the head into my mouth at first and made it warm and welcome. By then it was tasting so good, I just couldn't help swallowing it whole.

Tony stood there getting more and more into the blow job, and I could tell by his breath that he'd been close to coming for a while. Finally, with a quivering moan of ecstasy, he shot his delicious spunk, and I caught every drop in my mouth. I stood up and kissed him, and when his tongue went roving for my tonsils, he discovered his own come and drank it down, his mouth against mine.

Hardly wasting a breath, he was on his knees, sucking me off in return. And he certainly knew what he was doing. He took both balls into his mouth and worked on them a little and then went berserk on my pole, deep-throating me like he'd been born knowing how. Just when I was ready to shoot my load, he abruptly stopped and stood up.

"You can have a piece of my ass if I can have a piece of yours," he bargained, his big puppy-dog eyes doing most of the convincing.

I was all excited for a minute, and then came a deflating realization.

"My condoms are locked up."

"Come on." He took my hand and started walking me to the door and up the stairs.

"Wait a minute," I protested. "Two naked men with boners can't just walk around outdoors. What will the neighbors think?"

"You don't know your own land very well, do you? You don't *have* neighbors. Your house is surrounded by trees for miles in every direction. Your driveway is gravel. You can hear a car coming two or three miles away."

That had never really occurred to me, although I hadn't bothered with curtains yet since I couldn't see any other houses around. We went outside, where the heat was showing no signs of abating. The steady rain was pleasantly cool on our naked bodies.

He walked me over to his sister's car, opened the passenger-side door, grabbed some condoms and a bottle of lubricant out of the glove box, and tossed them onto the hood. He shut the door quickly so the interior of the car wouldn't get wet.

"Come here," he grunted as he grabbed me by the cock and led me to the fender. He tore open a packet and squeezed a dab of lube into the condom and then rolled it over my shaft. His hand slipped behind my head, and he pulled me in for a long, hard kiss. Then he turned, spread his legs, and sprawled over the hood.

I didn't waste a second. I squeezed some more lubricant onto my cock and plowed into his ass for the ride of my life. He groaned at first, but I kept at it, and it turned out that he was an expert at being fucked too. He met me thrust for thrust and clamped down on my cock like a vise. This was a real sight, his beautiful body against a rainy woodland backdrop. If anyone *had* driven up, they would have gotten quite an eyeful.

We went at it for a while, hard enough that we were both getting a good workout but not slow enough to make it last. When I could wait no longer and was about to see stars, I shot like I'd never shot before, wave after wave rolling over me. Finally I pulled out and slumped down onto his back, both of us panting like dogs.

I knew Tony was in shape, but I was still surprised when he only paused a moment before easing me off of him and standing up. He had his full eight inches back and obviously wanted to do something with each and every one of them.

He reached down, pulled my condom off, and inverted it over the car's antenna, spilling jism all over his sister's pride and joy. Then he opened another packet and sheathed and oiled his penis.

He took me by the shoulders and pulled me close, looking me right in the eye.

"You know the best way to do this?"

"What's that?"

Our eyes were riveted to each other's, and he put my arms on his shoulders and said, "Hold on," then stooped slightly and pulled my knees up to above his hips. I locked my hands behind his neck, and as he leaned back, picking me up by my thighs, I wrapped my legs around his waist. I was amazed at his strength at first, but as I looked his torso over, I knew this man had spent a good portion of his life at a gym. Every muscle in his body was bulging, and he looked like a Greek statue now more than ever. Hell, he could have gone for a long walk, screwing me like this at the same time.

In no time at all, his poker found my pucker and drove right in. Tony was a gentle guy, and he certainly started fucking me gently, but as we got more aroused, we got less polite. He was more than ready to ream me out, and I was gladly churning away in sync with his movements. His cock was the largest one I'd ever taken, and he was giving me every last inch of it. I hadn't lost my erection completely, and my cock was back for even more excitement. Together we were breathing hard and deep, and together we grew close to the edge, lingering on the brink and not wanting to fall over. Finally we both came and came, yelling in unison, another fountain of my juices splashing up his chest, another condom containing the explosion of his passion within me.

Still holding me, Tony pulled out and managed to take a few steps, leaning me against the car door. I reached down, pulled off his sheath, and impaled it on the antenna on top of the first one.

"So you like being dirty?" Tony panted.

"Yup," I gasped.

He smiled a mischievous smile at me and then picked me up off the car and started walking.

"Me too," he said. Then he toppled the both of us over into a muddy patch made by the trucks, and we wrestled in it until we were both even dirtier than when we'd started.

I smiled at him. "So," I said, "how about some good clean fun *indoors*?" ●

scaling
a
peak

Model:
Zak Owins
Photography:
Derek Powers

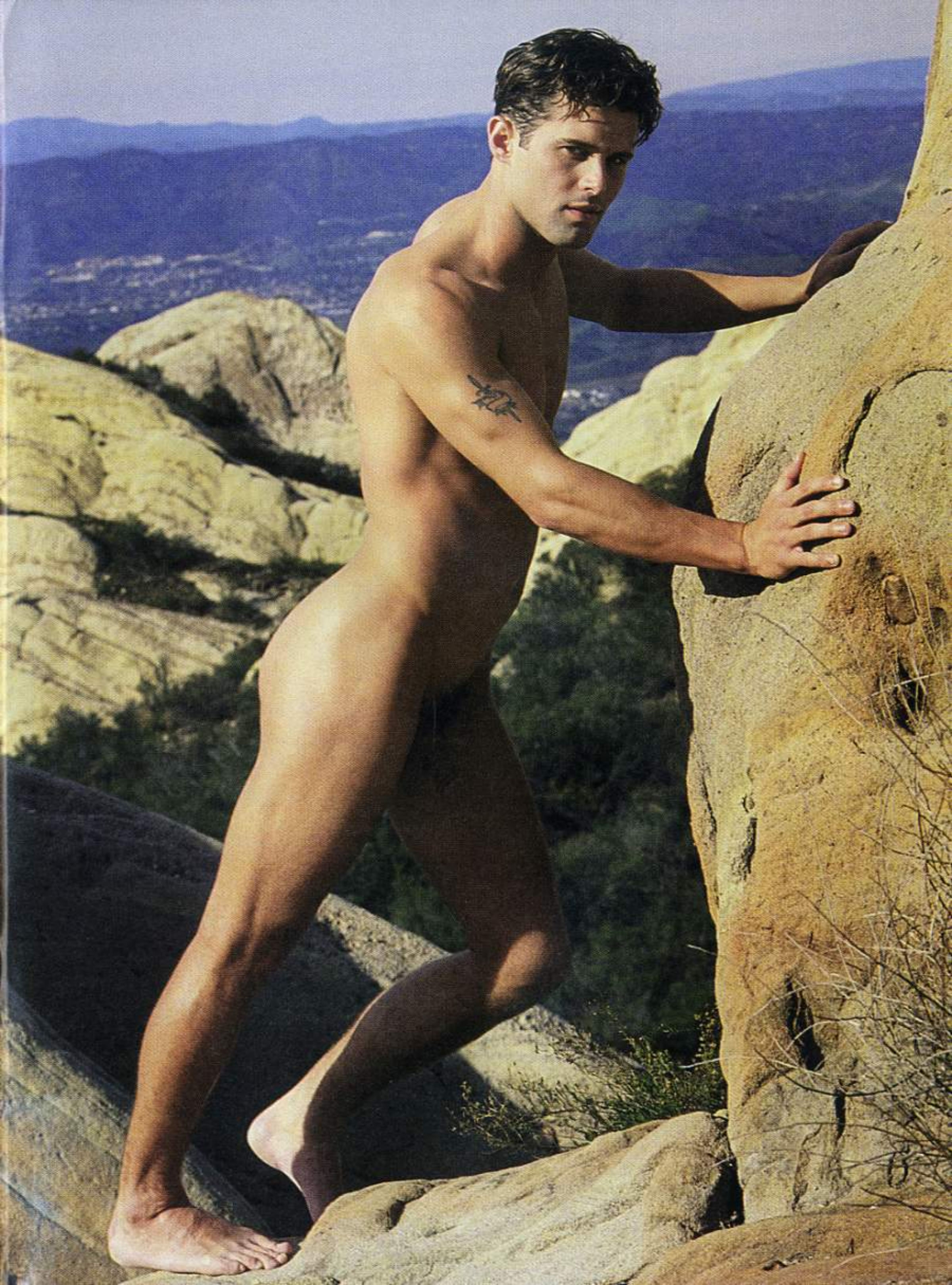












World Cup



It's the world's most popular sport.

Millions of people in
dozens of countries
play it every day.

It requires no special
equipment except for
at least one ball.

Model: **Sky Thompson**
Photography: **Matt Bauer**



**To do it well
requires
great
stamina.**

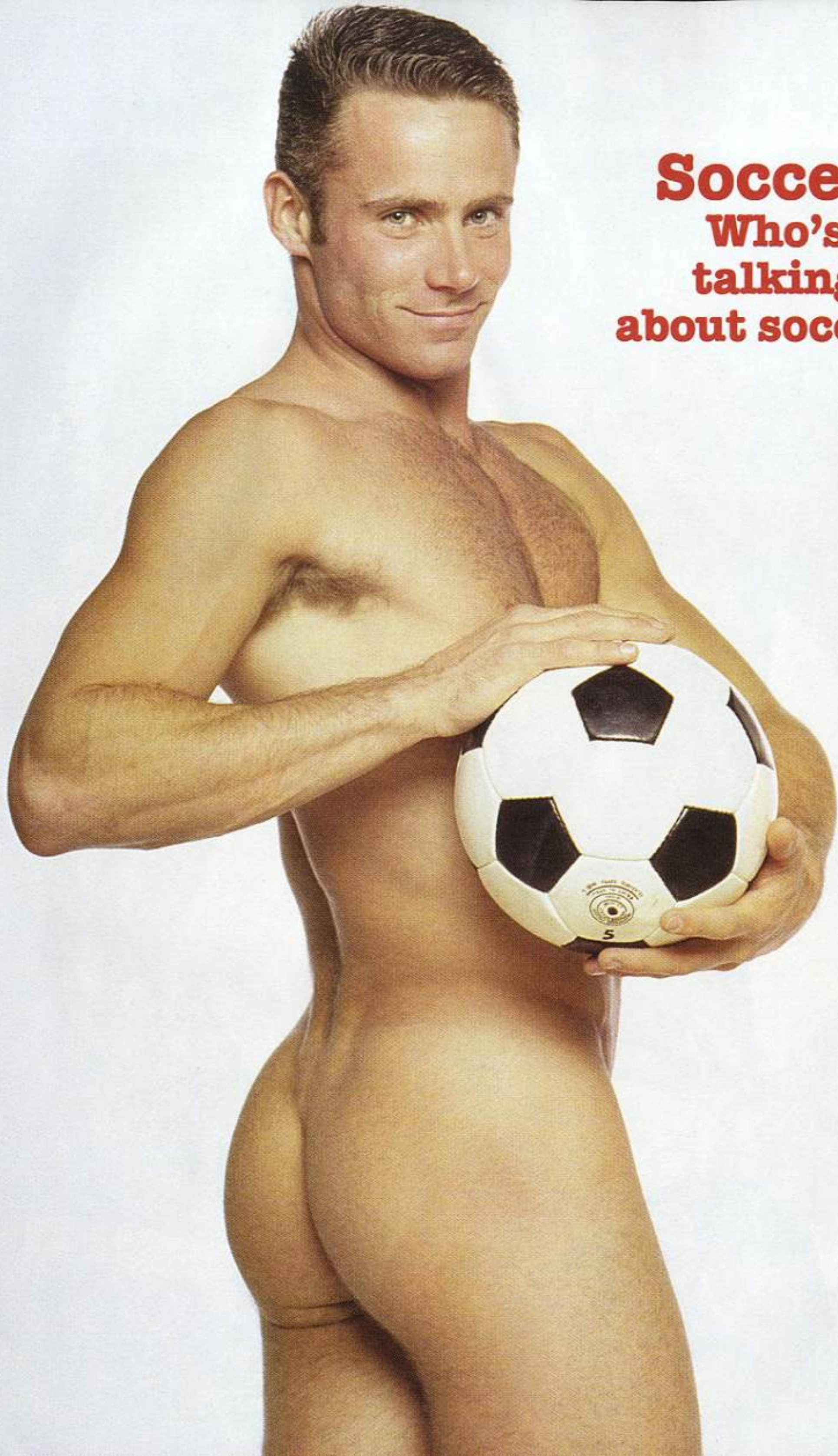








Soccer?
Who's
talking
about soccer?









RE
US
BE
AN
ZA

Closest Case

illustration by Ruben Esparza

by Derek Adams

I was unpacking when the car pulled into the drive. I heard a car door slam, then my brother's loud voice cut through the quiet summer evening. My heart sank. Ken was two years my senior, and we had nothing in common except our parents. He had haunted my childhood like a bad dream, and now I went to great lengths to avoid him. Going away to college had made that task much easier—I hadn't laid eyes on him for more than a year, and I hadn't missed him even once. Unfortunately, my luck ran out when Mother put her foot down about having me home for Independence Day this year. Well, I was home, but I wasn't feeling particularly free.

"Eric! Come on downstairs."

"In a minute, Dad. I'm changing my shirt."

"Forget about your damned shirt, son. Your brother just got here. Looks like he's brought a couple of his buddies home for the holiday." My father's voice brimmed with excitement. I tossed my dirty shirt on the floor and headed for the stairs.

Dad and Ken were best buddies. Dad had never been able to make heads or tails of me, but since I'd gone off to college, at least we were no longer at each other's throats all the time. Now we behaved like polite strangers forced to sit next to each other on a long bus ride. It was a major improvement.

I forced a smile and greeted my brother as he entered the house. "Hey, Ken. How's it going?" He looked at me and grunted. He hadn't changed much since I last saw him. He was getting a gut, but he still looked like a football player. Ken had been the best fullback ever to take the field for Morrison High—a fact that had caused me no end of grief. I had no intention of following in my brother's footsteps and had stubbornly refused to try out for the team. Dad was extremely disappointed. I tried to compensate by excelling in gymnastics and tennis. Dad had remained totally unimpressed.

"Hey, Dad!" My brother's voice carried like a foghorn, and I winced at the sound of it. "I want you to meet Rob and Jamie. They're in the same dorm as me."

"Any friends of Ken are always welcome. Come in, fellas, and make yourselves at home." Dad shook hands with our guests, then followed my brother back into the kitchen to see Mother. I was left to introduce myself.

"I'm Eric," I said, turning to face the two strangers. At first glance they both looked human, which made me wonder why they were hanging out with Ken.

"Rob Asher," the taller of the two replied, shaking my hand and smiling. "Good to meet you, Eric." He had a nice voice, deep and resonant. His hand was big, the tendons back covered with dark hair. His grip was firm.

"I'm Jamie Ferrin," the other guy said. He was a couple of inches shorter than I, his sweater clinging to a torso that was obviously pumped. He had blond hair and eyes as blue as the summer sky. He was looking at me curiously, obviously trying to size me up—maybe comparing me to Ken. I hoped he wouldn't find any significant similarities. I watched his gaze shift, saw his eyes flicker as he scanned my bare torso. When our eyes met again, I looked away, suddenly feeling seriously underdressed.

"I hope we won't be too much trouble while we're here, Eric," Rob said, putting his big hand on my shoulder. His long middle finger grazed the fine hairs on the nape of my neck, and the sensation registered deep in my gut. "We don't want to be in your way."

"Don't worry about that," I assured him. "I'll be hitting the books pretty hard. I've got two big papers due before the end of summer school."

"I hear that," Jamie put in. "Rob and I have about a month's worth of advanced calculus to work through." I stared at him in puzzlement. The concept of Ken hanging out with men who understood calculus didn't compute. Maybe he was changing.

Just about then Ken came lumbering back into the front hall, absentmindedly pushing me to one side as he led Rob and Jamie upstairs to the guest room. Rob looked back down at me over his shoulder as he climbed the stairs, his eyebrow cocked questioningly. I shrugged, and he winked at me. I smiled back at him and felt my cheeks burn as the blood rushed to my face. I stood rooted to the

spot after the two men had disappeared from view. They were both extremely hot, stirring up desires that I had done my best to suppress since puberty. It was shaping up to be a long and difficult holiday—and I'd been home for only an hour! While I was still trying to sort out my feelings, Mom called me to help her set the table.

By the time dinner was over, it was clear that Ken barely knew our guests. It came out in conversation that both of them lived too far away to go home for the holiday and that Ken had invited them to come to our house so they wouldn't be stuck in the dorm for the long weekend. I also found out that they were helping him out with his chemistry class, which gave Ken plenty of motive to be hospitable. While nobody said anything openly, I still got the distinct impression that neither man was terribly impressed by my brother. They were both nice to me, though, making it a point to include me in their conversation all during dinner.

They even helped to clean up the dishes afterward, totally ignoring Ken's claims that I didn't need a hand. All three of us stood at the sink, shoulder to shoulder, washing, rinsing, and drying. I was in the middle, very conscious of their bodies as we bumped against one another. Jamie had pushed up the sleeves of his sweater, revealing thick, sinewy forearms burnished a honey-gold color by the sun. Rob had taken off his heavy wool shirt, and his skimpy white tank top did a poor job of covering his chest. His perfectly sculpted pecs were liberally coated with long dark brown hairs that feathered up over his collarbones. His nipples were clearly visible, the areolas big and dark brown, the points of his tits all puffy and swollen. My gaze kept wandering over to him, watching his muscles flex as he dried the plates and glasses. I glanced down at his crotch—there was a significant bulge in his baggy old khaki pants. I felt perspiration beading on my upper lip even though the kitchen wasn't all that warm.

Rob reached in front of me to hand a plate to Jamie. The hairs on his forearm brushed against my biceps, and I damn near dropped the glass I was washing. Rob's face was only inches from mine, so close that I could feel his breath, warm against my skin. When Jamie took the plate, he jostled me, and my cheek pressed briefly against the hot, furry flesh of Rob's chest. A jolt of electricity ran down my spine and exploded in my groin, making me hot all over. I was so horny that I felt dizzy. I leaned against the counter and took a deep breath, hoping to get my heart back under control. Through it all, Jamie and Rob chatted casually, apparently oblivious to my confusion.

After we finished our kitchen chores, Mom served ice cream and cake, and then we all got ready to turn in. The

guest room was at the back of the house, adjoining my own room. I said good night to Rob and Jamie, brushed my teeth, and climbed into bed to read for a while before going to sleep. I couldn't concentrate. I could hear the guys through the wall, laughing and talking. I ignored it at first, but then my curiosity overtook my better judgment. With my ear pressed to the wall, I could make out a few words. Since one of those words was my name and since it came up several times, I indulged myself in some serious eavesdropping.

Our house was a big old place that had been remodeled many times over the years. At one point Dad had run new wiring up through the wall that separated my closet from the one in the guest room. He had never gotten around to putting sheetrock back on the walls, so nothing separated the two cubicles but bare studs. I got out of bed, opened my closet door, and slipped inside. It was easy to push the clothes aside and step through to the adjoining closet. I put my ethics on hold, crouched down, put my eye to the keyhole, and began to spy on our guests.

I had a view across to the bed they were sharing. Rob and Jamie had stripped down to their underwear and were sprawled out on top of the covers. Their shoulders were touching, and Jamie had draped a muscular leg over Rob's hairy thigh. Rob had his arm

across Jamie's broad shoulders. I didn't know quite what to think about that—except that the two of them looked incredibly hot and totally at ease.

"Well, I must say, Eric is nothing at all like his brother," Jamie remarked, the fingers of his left hand slipping down into his skimpy briefs. I could see his fingers wiggling under the thin fabric, like he was playing with himself. "That's quite a relief, huh?"

"I'll say," Rob chuckled. "Did you get a chance to check out the ass on that guy?"

"Like a couple of nice ripe melons." Jamie's hand pushed farther into his shorts. "Nice arms too."

"I haven't seen anything about Eric that I don't like," Rob confided, moving closer to Jamie. "He's handsome, he's built, he's smart—and I have a feeling he just might be doable."

"It's pretty obvious that your interest isn't just academic," Jamie teased. I followed his gaze, which ended between Rob's legs. There was major activity going on under the snowy white cotton. "I know you're growing that hard-on for Eric, but since he's not here, can I play with it?"

"You can always play with it, buddy." Rob heaved a sigh and spread his legs a little wider. The lump had stretched over to his right hip and was still growing.

"Don't mind if I do." Jamie rose up and scrambled around till he was kneeling between Rob's outspread thighs. I watched, wide-eyed, as he bent his head. Rob's

so I was so horny
that I felt
dizzy. I leaned
against the
counter and
took a deep
breath, hoping
to get my heart
back under
control.
CONTROL.

eyelids drooped, and his lips puckered up like he wanted to kiss someone.

Rob raised his ass up off the bed so Jamie could pull his briefs down, and then he started peeling Jamie's shorts off. Jamie's ass appeared, pale in contrast to the tanned backs of his legs. His cheeks were solid muscle, deeply dimpled. Rob began rubbing his buddy's ass, his long fingers creeping steadily toward his crack. They reached their goal, and I could hear Jamie moan when the middle finger of Rob's right hand probed the tight pale pink pucker of his asshole.

My head reeled. I felt hot all over, tingling hot, like I had been in the sun too long. I grazed my chest with my fingertips and felt it all through my body. I was so horny, I could hardly breathe. I looked down between my legs. My tingling cock was rising up to nestle against my belly.

"Man, your butt feels good," Rob sighed. "Nice and hot and tight." I looked back at the bed. Rob's finger was inside of Jamie, all the way up inside of him. Jamie's ass pucker was pulsating, the pale lips sucking the invading digit. Jamie's butt was flexing, the muscles contracting rhythmically, as he began to hump Rob's finger. "Does that feel good, buddy?" Rob asked.

"Mmm!" Jamie's groan was muffled, like he was trying to talk with his mouth full. Rob reached out, tangled his fingers in Jamie's blond hair, and pulled his head up. There was a soft slurping sound, then a loud smack as something wet and heavy hit bare flesh. "Damn, Rob, you taste good."

"You're just hungry for it," Rob quipped, sitting up in bed and swinging his legs over the side. "Gotta take a quick piss, man." Jamie sprawled back on the bed, his hard-on throbbing against his gut.

Rob stood up, and I had to choke back a gasp. His prick jutted out from the dense curls of his bush like a flagpole. The shaft looked as thick as my wrist, the veins running along the sides bulging out like little cables. His huge knob gleamed with spit, a rich crimson in color, the jizz hole gouged deep. His mammoth balls swung heavily between his taut thighs as he walked, the right riding on top of the left. The combined weight of them stretched his hairy bag down to what seemed like halfway to his knees.

I heard the sound of Rob pissing in the toilet across the hall, then he flushed and reentered the bedroom. His prick had deflated slightly, but it was still totally awesome. It arced down over his nuts, the fat helmet-shape glans pointed slightly forward. Jamie knelt on the edge of the bed. Rob walked over to him and stood, hands on hips. Jamie licked him from come hole to bush, and then he swallowed him to the hilt.

Watching them was so cool. They were both obviously totally into it. Rob was massaging the knotted muscles in Jamie's shoulders. Jamie had a firm grip on Rob's narrow hips, his fingertips digging into his furry ass cheeks as he serviced his friend's huge dick. Rob's balls kept bouncing off Jamie's chin, bouncing hard, making Rob bare his teeth. It looked like it hurt too good to stop.

I fisted my cock and began stroking it. My skin was tingling as I began rubbing myself all over, touching my neck, shoulders, chest, belly, and the silky skin on the insides of my thighs. I palmed my knob, felt it throbbing, the swollen dome aching with pleasure.

Jamie raised his hands and smacked Rob hard on the chest with open palms. Rob's pecs flexed, jutting out aggressively as Jamie began twisting and pulling on his swollen nipples. I pinched my own tit and had to bite my lip to keep from groaning out loud. I leaned closer to the

door, peering through the keyhole, my whole body on fire with lust.

Suddenly the door flew open without warning, and I pitched headlong into the room. Jamie froze, and Rob stepped hastily away from the bed, his glistening hard-on angled high, his fists clenched.

"What the fuck?" he began, his voice a guttural rumble. Then he recognized me and began to smile. "Eric!"

"I...I..." I looked up past the mighty column of flesh rising between his thighs and into his handsome face. "I was just—"

"Curious?" Jamie asked, grinning at me knowingly. "Do you get off on watching, or would you like to join in?"

Rob didn't wait for a reply. He strode over to me, bent down, and hauled me to my feet. He pushed me toward the bed, his chest hard and hot against my back. His arms tightened around me, his left hand slipping down over my belly till his fingertips grazed the base of my cock.

"If you want me to stop, just say the word," Rob growled, his breath ruffling the hairs on the nape of my neck. I took a panicked breath, but he began fingering my tit, and I exhaled without speaking. Rob chuckled, and his stiffer rubbed against the back of my thigh. The shaft flexed, and I felt hot cock drool begin to trickle its way down my calf.

"He wants a lot of things, Rob, but he doesn't want to stop," Jamie declared. "Right, Eric?" I nodded, unable to speak. "Bring that dude's big hard-on over here." Rob nudged me with his knees, and I took a step forward. Another two steps, and I was beside the bed, looking down at Jamie.

He took my dick into his mouth and began to suck. I grabbed his broad shoulders, my fingers digging into his thick deltoids. Rob's arms slipped away from me, and then he was kissing my neck, his mouth trailing lower and lower along my spine until he was kissing my ass. His kisses circled my cheeks, then moved in on my crack.

I felt Rob's hands between my thighs, forcing them apart. I shifted my feet and leaned forward over Jamie, pressing my cheek against his lower back. His skin was soft, smooth, warm, the muscles beneath solid as a rock.

I felt Rob's breath first, then his soft lips grazed my butt pucker. I jumped, clenching my asshole like a fist. Rob blew on it and kissed it again. I clenched again, then began to relax as he continued kissing me. Then it was more than a kiss—his tongue was probing me, fighting to get past the tight ring of my sphincter. The sensations were so incredible that I wanted to feel more. As my asshole gradually relaxed, Rob pushed his tongue deep up my chute and wriggled it around. Jamie was still sucking me, poking his tongue up into my piss slit. I felt his teeth nibbling gently at the glans, then the tightness of his throat as he drove my prick in deep.

Rob's tongue was no longer alone. A finger was poking in alongside it, stirring around in my ass channel, loosening it up. I felt it distinctly when he added a second digit, then a third. He began fucking my ass with his fingers, plunging them deep, drawing them out, over and over again until my hole snapped hungrily at his knuckles.

"Do you want it, Eric?" Rob whispered, raking his stubbly chin across my sweat-sheened cheeks. "Do you want me to put my big dick up your ass and fuck you with it?"

"I...I've never done that. You're so—"

"I want it bad, Eric. You've got a beautiful ass. Let me put my cock in you, Eric. Man, I really want to fuck your tight hot ass."

"You won't regret it, man," Jamie gasped, coming up off

my cock and winking at me. He dived back down on me, and I spread my legs wider in silent agreement to Rob's request.

"Grab hold of it, Eric. Guide it in." Rob's voice was hoarse, urgent. "Reach back and put it where it belongs."

I touched it. It was heavy, throbbing against my palm. I gripped the shaft with my fist and squeezed—hard as a steel bar, and my fingers didn't meet on the other side. I fingered the knob, felt the stickiness of it, pressed it against my burning hole.

I almost shot off just from that first contact. The idea of something that big, that hard, that male, poised to spear me was a total turn-on. Then the fuck began. Rob's hands were on my waist, tightening, pulling me back toward him. As the pressure increased, my ass ring began to stretch, getting bigger and bigger till I thought it could stretch no more.

There was a sudden, stabbing pain as Rob penetrated my virgin hole. His huge knob punched up inside me, spreading me, opening me up wide. Then his massive knob made contact with my prostate. I felt an incredible jolt of sensual pleasure, felt my body relax, felt Rob's mighty cock driving deeper and deeper, sliding up into me, fucking me.

It was such a rush to think of Rob mounting me like a barnyard stud that I had to see it, had to watch what was going on. I turned my head and caught the scene reflected in the mirror beside the closet door: Jamie crouched on the bed in front of me, suckling my stiffer like a hungry calf; Rob with his massive prick already wedged deep in my vitals, his pumping hips still over six inches away from my flexing ass cheeks; and me, sandwiched between them, getting fucked and sucked at the same time. It was wild.

Rob started playing with my tits and soon was able to drive another inch of dick up into me. I rose up and rubbed my shoulders against his hard pees and took another inch. Rob thrust forward a few times, packing more cock up my chute—and there was still a handful out in the clear.

He began by pulling his dick out a little, then shoving it back into me, slowly and easily. His strokes gradually increased in speed and intensity, blotting out everything but the awareness that his big hard-on was in me, pistoning in and out of my ass channel as he fucked me. Rob pulled back. I could feel myself emptying out, the walls of my fuck channel collapsing around the void he left behind. Then I was jolted forward as Rob crammed his bloated prong back deep. I felt his nuts crash into mine, shooting a sharp, bruised ecstasy all through me. Rob ground his pubes against my ass, and I bucked up and slammed back against him.

I stood upright, legs spread wide, hands on Jamie's shoulders, as Rob began fucking in earnest. His thighs

were tight against mine, his knees pushing against the backs of my legs. Jamie flipped over onto his back, never letting my cock out of his hot mouth. Rob gripped my neck and began to push my face down to Jamie's crotch.

Jamie's cock twitched against his belly, flopping around as I blew hot air on it. I licked my lips and kissed the trigger of nerves tucked behind the crown. It was salty, overlaid with a sweet, nutty flavor. I loved the taste, wanted more of it, began sucking Jamie to get it.

Rob was panting, his hips pistoning, starting a fire in my belly that would take all the jism he could pump to quench. I went down on Jamie hard and began fingering his hole. He dilated, making room for three fingers, then my thumb. I cranked my fingers around, plugging him tight as a drum. Jamie began to buck his hips like Rob was doing—hell, like I was doing.

Rob's fingers dug into my belly. His pounding was growing more and more frantic, as were his soft, high-pitched sighs of pleasure. I felt his cock knob getting bigger and bigger, stretching me, leaving my prostate in a permanent state of vibration. Suddenly Rob stopped. He stood like a statue, his only movement the flexing of his dick. Then he laid into me again, driving deep, slamming in and up, leaving me standing on tiptoe, dancing around like a mad puppet.

I could feel it when he came in me. I felt his dick jerk, could count the gushes of thick heat that shot hard and deep. I shuddered and began unloading down Jamie's throat. Jamie grunted and started sucking like mad, pulling on my balls till the cords felt like they were going to snap. I tightened my lips around his dick, matched his

movements, pushed my fingers deep into him as I sucked and licked him like mad. Jamie shuddered and shot, flooding my mouth with a hot, thick brew that I gobbled up greedily.

I lay between Rob and Jamie in the guest room all that night. I was too keyed up to sleep. I touched them, fondled them, listened to them breathe as they slept. At one point I pulled their hands between my legs and humped their palms. At some point I felt Rob's fingers come awake and curl around my balls. I bucked against him, and he rolled on top of me. I reached out and fisted Jamie's prong, and it all began again.

Our Fourth of July dinner was a great success—the first holiday in years that Ken hadn't managed to ruin for me. After the meal, when he and Dad went into the family room to watch a football game, Rob and Jamie begged off, blaming calculus. Rob winked at me, and I felt a tingling heat deep in my gut. I muttered my excuses as well and followed them, thinking of all the reasons I had to celebrate this holiday as I climbed the stairs on my way to perfect bliss. ●

His strokes gradually increased in speed and intensity, blotting out everything but the awareness that his big hard-on was in me, at pistoning in and out of my ass channel as he fucked me.

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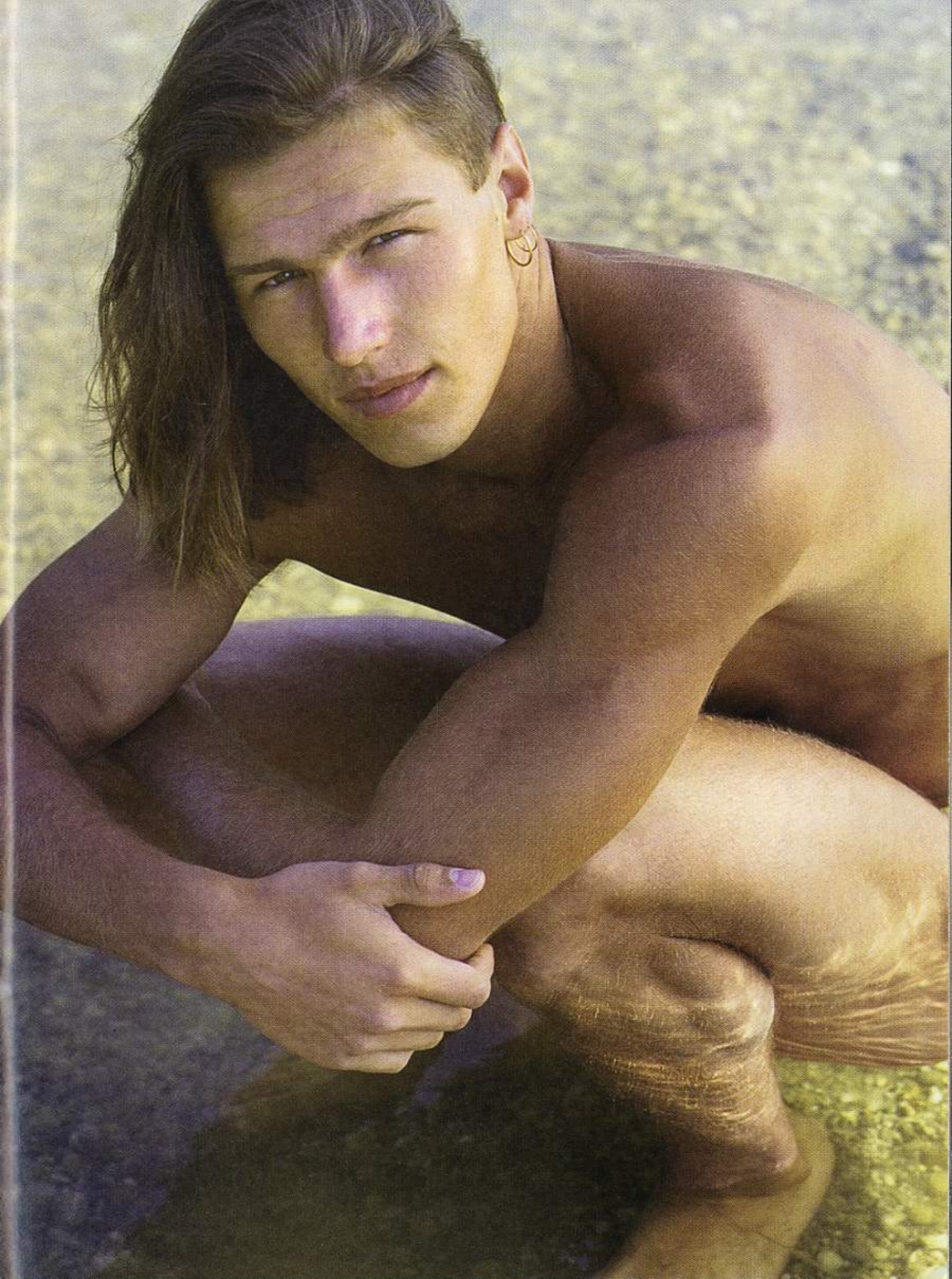














Yard Work

by Charles Scott

Illustration by Miguel Angel Reyes

Saturday has always been my favorite day of the week. One summer in particular I would wait for it all week long with the anguished anticipation of a 10-year-old who, upon learning on Monday morning that he's finally going to get the gift he covets most for his birthday, must count the days, the hours, the minutes until the blessed day finally arrives.

And why, you may well ask, was I so keen on Saturdays?

Because that's the day the "LawnBoys" came to cut my grass. And for me, it was like having a birthday every single week of the year.

Maybe I should explain. You see, several years ago I sold my condo in Vancouver and bought a house in a charming little seaside town about an hour from the city. My friends all thought I was crazy, but I didn't care; it was something I'd been considering for the longest time, and I knew that if I didn't take the plunge right then, I'd never do it.

Amazingly, I found the house of my dreams the first weekend I went looking, and a few short weeks after that, I officially became a homeowner. That was over five years ago, and although I didn't regret my decision for one second—and never have since—I have to admit that owning your own home entails more than I'd first imagined. Having lived in apartment buildings for most of my life, I had no concept of the amount of work required to maintain a home. Cleaning the furnace, repainting the trim, weeding the garden—it seemed as if there was always something that needed doing. And what with running a thriving business in the city, I barely seemed able to keep one step ahead of everything on the home front.

That's where the LawnBoys came into the picture.

Mark and Jason were a couple of enterprising local lads who had started their own business and spent the summer months cutting lawns, trimming hedges, and doing general yard work in order to make enough money to put themselves through school.

Friends since childhood, they were both about 22 now and in their last year of college. They made quite a stunning team both in terms of their looks and their sheer sexual magnetism. From the first second I laid eyes on them, the duo had shared top billing in all of my most fervid fantasies.

Of the two, blond-haired Mark was my favorite. He had a kind of rough-edged masculine beauty, like a young Nick Nolte, and his warm gray eyes blazed with an erotic intensity that was hot enough to melt steel. Quiet and brooding, he sometimes looked like a young thug, his mouth set in a sort of permanent sneer that belied his essentially sweet nature.

From all reports Jason was the campus heartthrob—and with good reason too. He had the brash swagger of a typical college jock and, with his dark hair, piercing blue eyes, and square jaw, possessed the kind of classic boy-next-door looks guaranteed to make all of the girls (and in certain parts of town, many of the boys!) swoon. His smile alone could launch a thousand pocket missiles if flashed in the right direction.

In the beginning I took great pleasure in simply watching as the pair, stripped to the waist, their taut, muscular bodies

glistening in the hot sun, went about their various duties. I would monitor their progress from my vantage point on the back patio, where, coincidentally, I like to take very long, leisurely breakfasts on Saturday mornings. Sitting at the small wrought-iron table, sipping my coffee, the throbbing erection straining at the fly of my shorts, discreetly hidden from view by the shrewd addition of a tablecloth, I would pretend to be engrossed in the weekend paper while savoring every last glorious detail of the majestic physiques of my firm young hirelings. And then, the moment they left, I would take my aching cock out of my shorts and with just a few quick strokes—for that was all that was necessary!—bring the morning to a staggering climax.

I was quite content at first to enjoy my early-morning sport merely for what it was—a harmless bit of voyeurism by a 40-ish gentleman with a keen eye for the sculpted pecs and bottoms of fresh-faced college men. That is, until I discovered that the LawnBoys liked to mow more than just the lawn!

But I'm getting ahead of myself here; let me backtrack a little.

I had gone to dinner one night at my friend George's, and just as I was getting ready to leave, he shoved a videocassette into my hand, explaining that it was a dynamite new porn video he'd picked up recently and assuring me that I was bound to find it stimulating.

George is a great connoisseur of porn, and since we share a penchant for the young and buffed, I thanked him for the tape and headed home, intending to give it a run-through before turning in.

After popping it into the VCR, I was a little disheartened to discover from the opening shots that it was, quite obviously, an amateur effort—a genre I usually find tedious in the extreme. Grudgingly, though, I had to admit that the technical quality did look rather promising, even if the production values were lacking. Whose suburban rec room were we in, anyway?

The first sequence featured a slim, dark-eyed boy with long hair, about 19 or 20, pulling on his huge rod while he gave what I assumed was his interpretation of a person having some kind of an epileptic fit in slow motion. Charming, but it was hardly the kind of thing that was likely to get me hard, let alone have me staining the ceiling with my spunk.

I was just about to phone George and tell him that I thought his standards were seriously slipping when something came on the screen that grabbed my attention. It was a close-up shot, crotch-level, of two obviously very excited young men standing face-to-face—or should I say dick-to-dick—turgid members poking out of their respective flies as various hands fumbled about, trying to disengage various articles of clothing.

One dick, fat and veiny with a flaring pink head, jutted solidly out of a lush blond bush, while the other one, just as long but slimmer, more elegantly tapered, and curved to the side as if trying to peer into the camera lens, was surrounded by a dense forest of dark brown hairs.

My eyes were riveted to the screen as jeans and underwear were gradually lowered to reveal two perfect, hairless—

and definitely rimmable—young butts. The blond's ass was smaller and somewhat flatter compared to the brunet's firm, fleshy orbs, but both were possessed of a creamy smoothness that contrasted perfectly with the rich golden brown of their backs and legs.

Hands began to grab frantically at the bobbing dicks, then the image changed suddenly to an extreme close-up of a thumb rubbing precome over the gaping piss slit of (I think) the blond's big, meaty cock head. The image shifted yet again, and the duo now found themselves on a bed, their faces buried in each other's crotches. After a few minutes of intense cock sucking, the young men changed positions, and I was able to see that they were, in fact, Mark and Jason.

I was definitely hard by that point and had my cock out, diligently stroking it as I watched the two young studs run through a panoply of ever more varied sexual maneuvers. I got so excited that I blew my wad just as Mark started ramming his juicy prong into Jason's quivering fuck hole.

George was definitely right about the video's excitability quotient, and I made a mental note to call him at work the next day to thank him profusely for sharing it with me. I was sure he had no way of knowing who the actors were when he gave it to me, but thanks to him I had the definite feeling that my Saturday mornings were to become a hell of a lot more interesting.

The following weekend I was sitting on the patio, having my breakfast as usual, waiting for the show to begin, when on cue I heard a truck pull up. The tall fence surrounding the backyard prevented me from seeing anyone approach, but I could tell from the sound of their deep, masculine voices that the LawnBoys had arrived.

A shiver of anticipation shot down my spine as the gate opened and I saw Jason's tall, sinewy frame lope into view, followed by Mark's more compact but equally impressive build. "Morning, Mr. Jessup," they called in unison, setting down their equipment.

"Good morning, boys. I hope you're well-rested; I've got a few extra chores lined up for you this morning," I said with a gleam in my eye. "Come and see me when you've finished the lawn, and I'll...uh...let you know what's up."

"Sure thing, Mr. Jessup," Jason replied cheerily, bending over to start up the lawn mower.

It was unseasonably hot for early June, and the boys had already stripped down to their summer uniforms of cutoffs and work boots, each sporting a white baseball cap with the LawnBoys logo emblazoned in green across the front.

I was feeling quite brazen with my newfound knowledge of the boys' previously hidden talents and didn't even bother with the pretense of a newspaper as I sipped my coffee, blithely watching their every move as Jason attended to the grass and Mark applied the Weed Eater to the edges of the lawn. Their mundane routine, deftly choreographed with an unhurried efficiency, was, for me, infused with such eroticism that I could barely keep my hand from shaking as I tried to place the cup back in its saucer. I reached beneath the table and gave my cock a squeeze, feeling it thrusting upward against my stomach, aching with anticipation.

I watched Jason's calf muscles pump as he traversed the lawn, the dark hair on his shapely legs damp with perspiration and plastered to his shins from the knee down. His biceps bulged enticingly every time he executed a turn, and every so often he would stop and remove his cap, raising his arm to wipe the sweat from his brow and exposing a hairy

armpit in the process, making me long to explore the taste and smell of that damp thicket.

As Mark made his way around the perimeter of the yard, my eyes ranged hungrily over his body, admiring the power implicit in his broadly muscled back, and I shivered, anxious to know the feel of his strong hands on my willing flesh. When he turned I had a clear view of his crotch and began to drool over the bulge that filled out the front of his shorts, remembering the thick length of his tool and how much trouble Jason had had trying to cram the whole damned thing down his throat.

Being fair-haired, Mark had a tendency to burn easily, and there was already a slight redness to his skin, with his nipples looking quite pink and tender against the smooth expanse of his chest. As he drew closer I could see flecks of grass stuck to the white-blond fuzz on his legs, and I wondered if he and Jason showered together after a long day's work, playfully soaping each other up until their cocks were hard and demanding more thoughtful attention.

Realizing they were about halfway through, I set about clearing the table and took the dishes inside, returning a few minutes later carrying a towel and wearing only a skimpy blue bathing suit. Having maintained my routine at the gym over the years, I'd managed to keep my body in respectable condition, and as I checked out my reflection in the sliding glass door, I caught Mark eyeing my butt as he blew the last of the grass from the path edging the garden. He smiled shyly and averted his eyes when he noticed that I was watching him back, quickly returning his attention to the task at hand. I also noticed Jason checking me out as he tackled the last patch of grass, and, knowing I had their attention—if not yet their interest—I lay down on a chaise to soak up some rays while I waited for them to finish.

It wasn't long before the whine of the engines died down and I heard them loading the equipment back into the truck.

I was lying on my stomach, pretending to be half asleep, when they approached, the sound of Mark's voice making my already agitated pulse race. "We're all finished up now, Mr. Jessup. You wanted to see us about something else?"

"Hmm...be right with you, boys," I mumbled, raising myself off the chaise. My back was to them as I stood up, and I was almost trembling with excitement at what I was about to do. I couldn't believe that I actually had the balls to go through with it, but there was no way I was going to let an opportunity like this pass me by.

I turned around and walked to the edge of the patio, my erection clearly visible through the thin fabric of the bathing suit. With my cock a good eight inches long and as thick as a fence post, there was simply no ignoring its thrusting presence and the telltale wet spot that appeared at the crown.

Mark and Jason both looked down and then at each other, simultaneously breaking into big, knowing grins.

I stepped closer and, as if I were the director and star of my own homemade porn flick, boldly grabbed both their crotches, feeling their bulges thicken beneath my touch. "As I said, I've got some extra chores for you boys to do. Are you feeling up to it?"

Jason reached out and pinched my right nipple. "Oh, we're always eager to please, Mr. Jessup. And since you're our favorite client, we'll work extra hard to make sure you're satisfied. Isn't that right, Mark?"

"You got it, buddy. We're a service-oriented business."

Mark undid the knotted cord of my bathing suit and

I turned around
and walked to the
edge of the patio,
my erection clearly
visible through the
thin fabric of the
bathing suit.

pulled the front pouch down, freeing my cock and balls from their stifling encumbrance. He wrapped his meaty fist around my rigid shaft and began to pump it, making the already engorged head flare with each masterful stroke.

I fell into the arms of my lusty young cohorts as two sets of work-roughened hands began to search out my body's various pleasure zones with a youthful enthusiasm that made me think I'd died and gone to heaven.

My bathing suit was off in a flash, and I felt one of Jason's hands on my ass, kneading the hairy mounds before he slipped his finger into the crack to search out my hole. Mouths collided, and tongues slipped in and out, from one to the other and back again in an orgy of frenzied abandon.

Mark was still pumping my cock as he pulled his lips away and began blazing a trail of hot kisses down my neck and over my shoulders, practically searing the flesh as he went. Meanwhile, I lifted Jason's arm over his head and began nuzzling his armpit, savoring the taste of his pungent sweat as I bathed the whole area with my tongue. I slurped and sniffed and then worked my way over to his right nipple, teasing it until it was erect, nipping at it gently and pulling on it with my lips while Jason moaned his approval.

I felt Mark let go of my cock as he began tearing his shorts off, and Jason quickly followed suit. Within seconds they stood in the middle of the yard buck naked, their magnificent tools hard and drooling precome in the hot sun as I fell to my knees in front of them. Grabbing one throbbing prick in each hand, I went down on Mark first, licking his bloated dick shaft and working my way up toward the swollen tip while at the same time pulling on Jason's rod as if I were milking the family cow. I then switched, taking Jason's cock into my mouth, swirling my tongue over its big pink head and jamming my tongue into the slit, tasting the salty-sweet drops of precome that continued to leak out of the end.

The sheer luxury of sucking on a man's dick has always been one of the greatest pleasures of my life, and there I found myself, chowing down on two of the most luscious specimens I'd ever come across. Almost drunk with pleasure, I'd decided that things couldn't possibly be more perfect—except maybe for the taste of a young man's ass!

I disengaged myself and lay down on the grass, the thick, clipped velvet of the lawn tickling my bare back and buttocks as I called out to Jason.

"Come on, Jason, sit on my face!" I implored him, and he graciously complied, lowering himself down by squatting, one foot on either side of my head, until his ass was mere centimeters from my admiring gaze. I jammed my face flush against his crack, inhaling his scent and slobbering all over his rosy hole. He rode my face as I pushed my tongue deep inside him, making him cry out in pleasure.

"Oh, yeah! Fuck me with that tongue!"

I felt Mark down between my legs, sucking on my balls until I thought they'd explode from the mounting tension. He spit them out and then went for my cock, gobbling it up like a starving man who hadn't seen a sausage in months. His suction had me squirming with delight, his tongue working such blissful magic on my hypersensitive dick that before long I felt myself going over the brink, and I shot my wad in his mouth. He sucked me bone-dry, gulping down every last drop until I had nothing left to give.

At the same time I'd been rimming him, Jason had been feverishly beating his meat, and I suddenly felt him go tense

as he ejaculated all over my chest, his sticky semen landing in great creamy gobs.

The next thing I knew, my feet were up around my ears, and Mark was trying to force his huge prick up my chute. Jason had moved to his side and was trying to guide it in for him when I stopped him.

"There's some lube with the towel," I said, motioning toward the patio. "I don't think I can take it without it."

Jason went to fetch the K-Y and was back in no time, his big curved dick still hard and bouncing around in front of him as he came toward us. Kneeling down, he squirted some of the lube onto Mark's cock and then, after greasing it thoroughly, squirted some more onto his fingers. He began to ease his slippery digits into my butt, one at a time, until he had three of them in there and I was loosened up enough to take the full assault of Mark's massive rod.

My ass was very receptive by this time, and he penetrated me surprisingly easily. Propped on my elbows, I watched his cock disappear inside of me, inch by glorious inch, right up to the hilt.

By now Jason had moved around behind me and was sitting on the grass, his tanned, muscular thighs on either side of me as I leaned back with my head against his chest. I could feel the hard ridge of his erection sandwiched between us, digging into my back as he cradled me in his arms. He leaned down to kiss me, stroking my chest and working on my nipples while Mark began to pound away at my butt.

A long, leisurely fuck ensued that was made all the more pleasurable by the warm caress of the sun, and I gave myself over completely to the two handsome young men who were busy making my most provocative fantasy come to life.

I was mesmerized by the intensity of the feeling I was experiencing from the rhythmic movement of Mark's cock against my prostate, the sensations taking me to levels of ecstasy I'd never dreamed of, and I thrashed my head from side to side, moaning as I dug my fingers into Jason's thighs.

By the time Mark was ready to blow, I was almost out of my mind with pleasure. I wrapped my legs around his hips, augmenting his thrusts as he pumped load after load into my grateful ass.

In perfect sync with his buddy's movements, Jason was busily thrusting his erection against my back, getting off on the friction of skin against skin until finally I felt his hot come oozing between my shoulder blades.

Limp and exhausted, we fell into a heap on the lawn and lay there in a tangle of arms and legs, letting the faint breeze that had suddenly come up waft over our sweat- and come-soaked bodies. Then, ever the gracious host, I reluctantly disengaged myself from my spent and drowsy companions and suggested that we all go inside to enjoy the rejuvenating benefits of a nice hot shower (thereby subtly implying that a second round of fun-filled antics would not be amiss!).

Variations on that scenario were played out over and over again throughout the rest of that summer, and based on what I've told you, I'm sure you can now appreciate why Saturdays became the high point of my week.

And though several years have now passed and Mark and Jason have long since finished school and moved on to bigger and better things, is it any wonder that the mere whiff of the scent of fresh-cut grass is practically enough to make me come in my pants? ●

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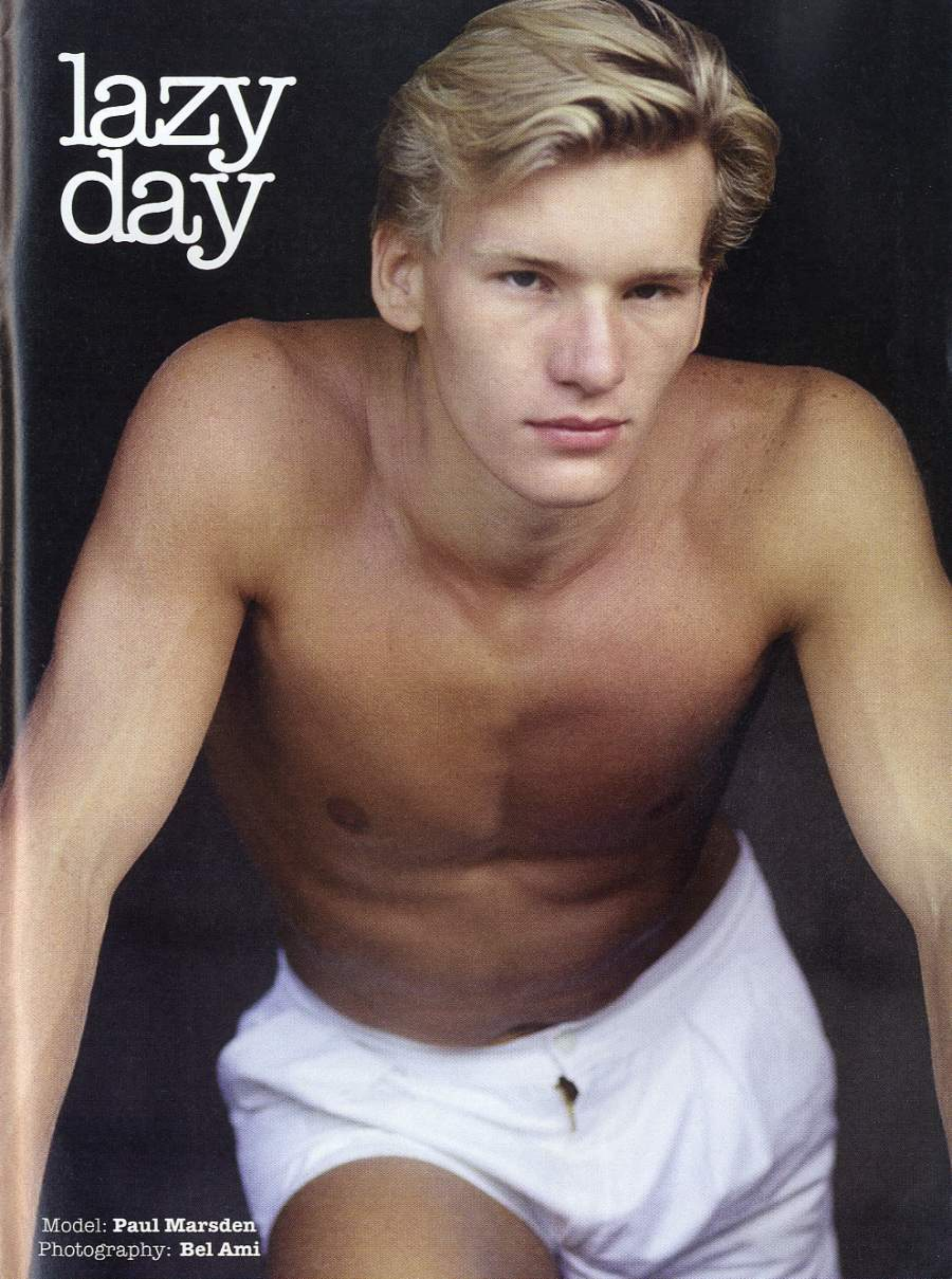
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A full-page photograph of a young man with light blonde hair, styled back. He is shirtless, showing a well-defined torso, and is wearing white, slightly bunched-up shorts. He is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. The background is a solid, dark color, possibly black or very dark grey. The lighting is soft, highlighting his features and the texture of his skin and hair.

Model: **Paul Marsden**
Photography: **Bel Ami**













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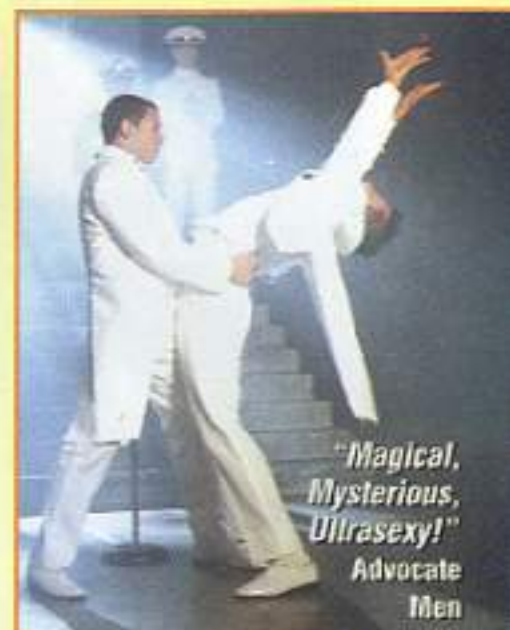
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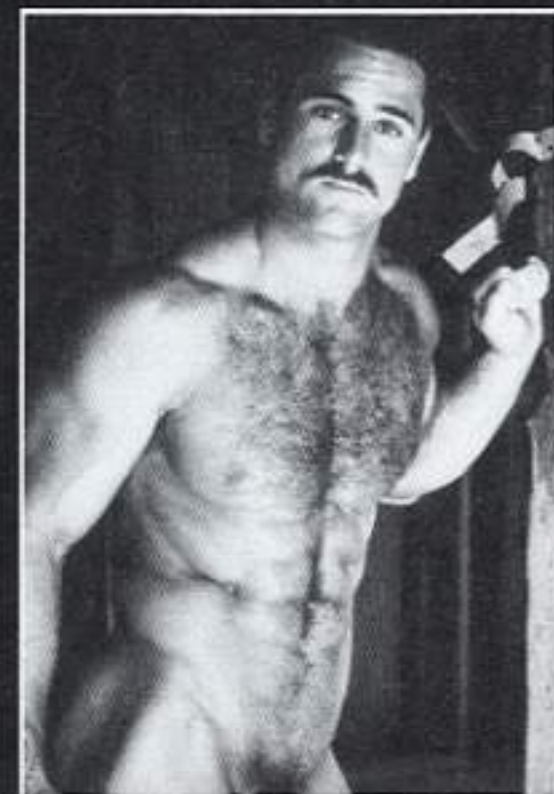


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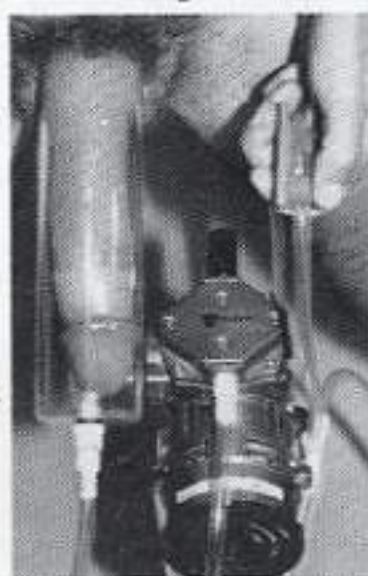
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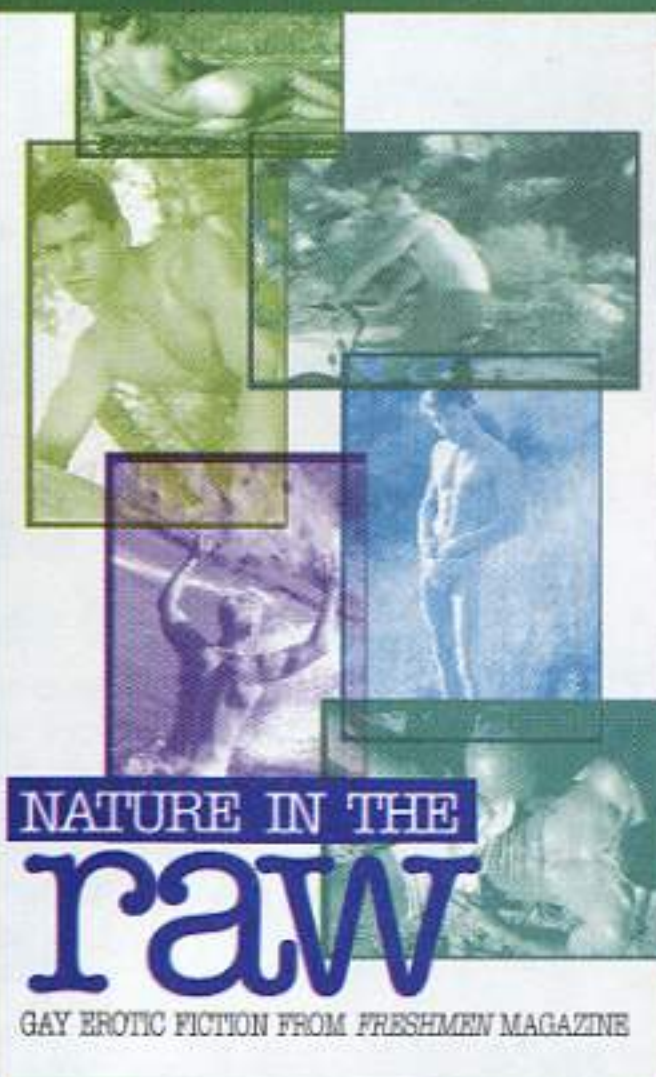
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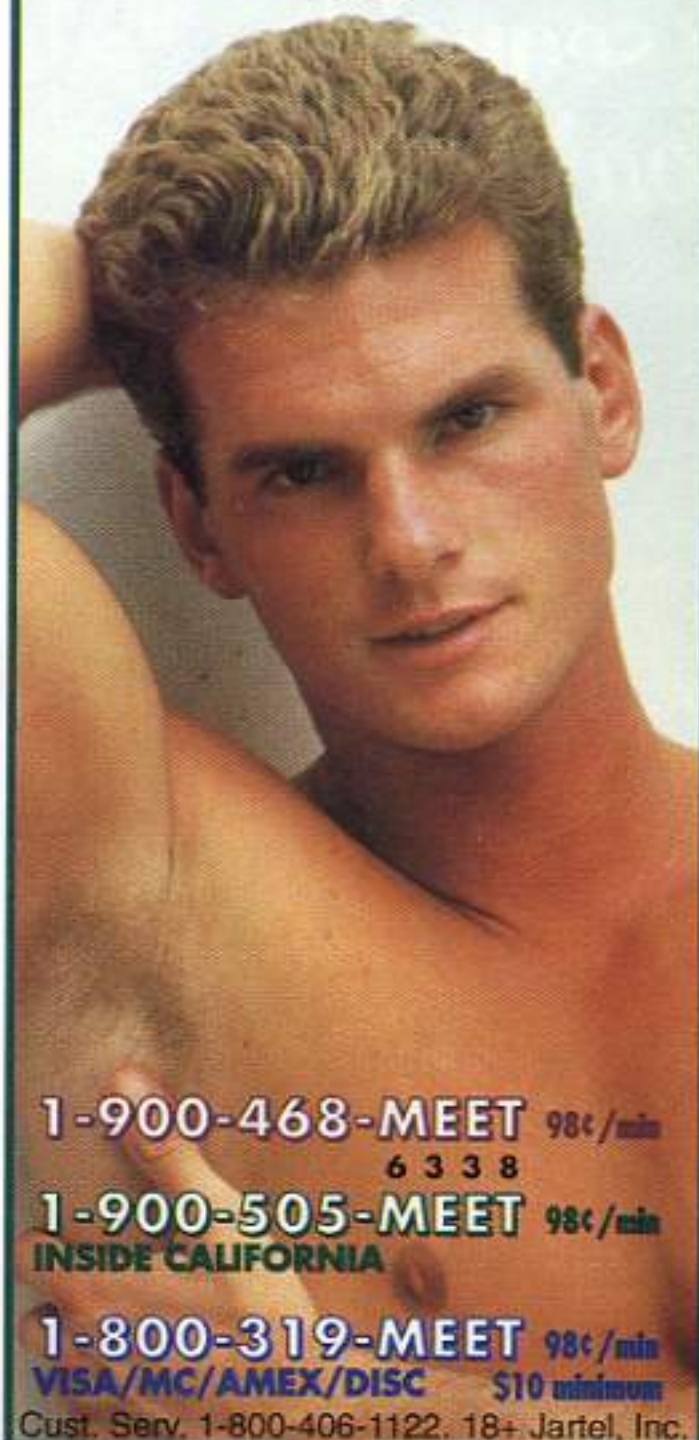
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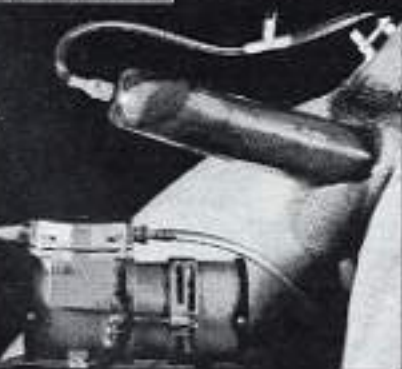
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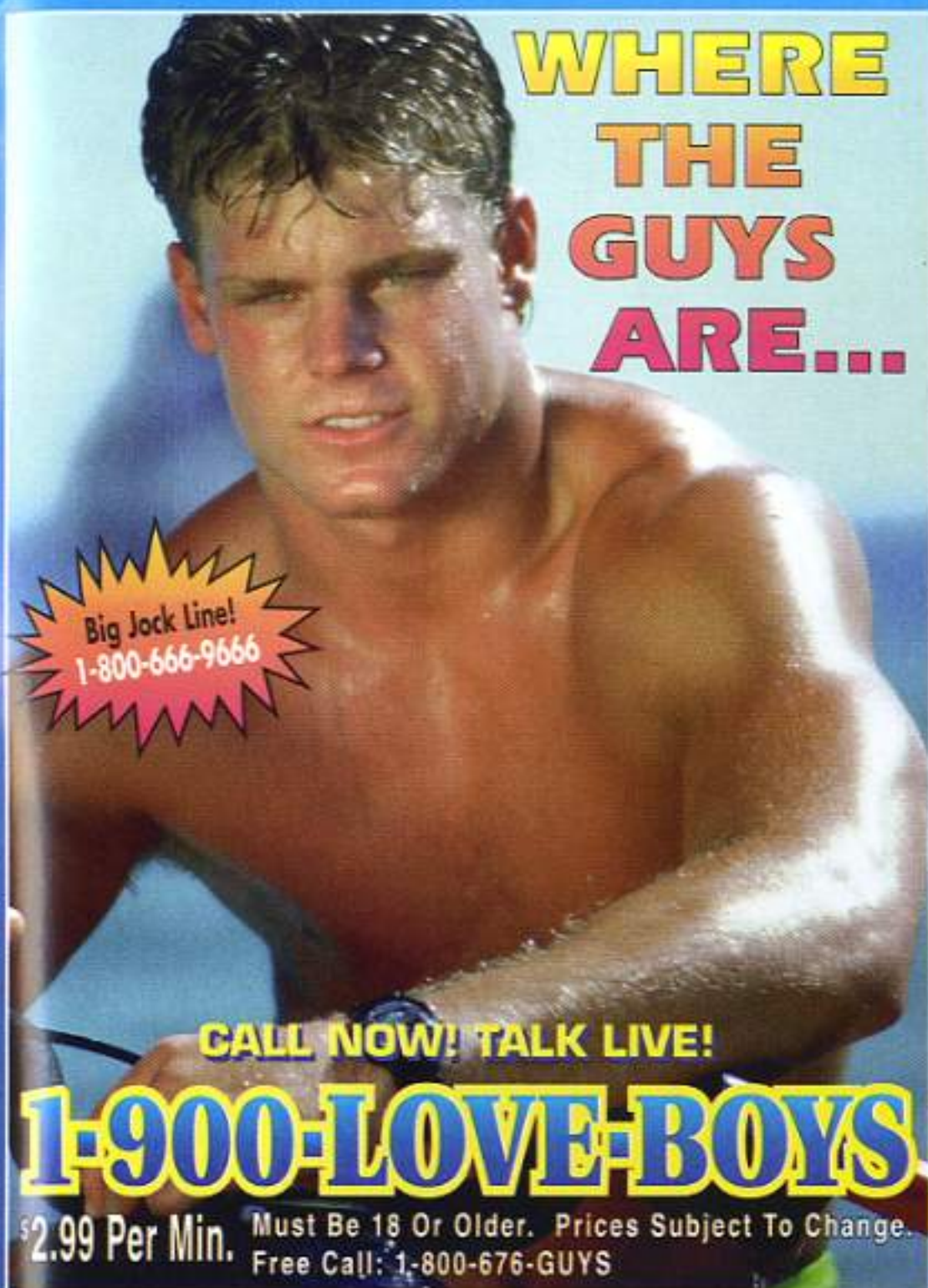
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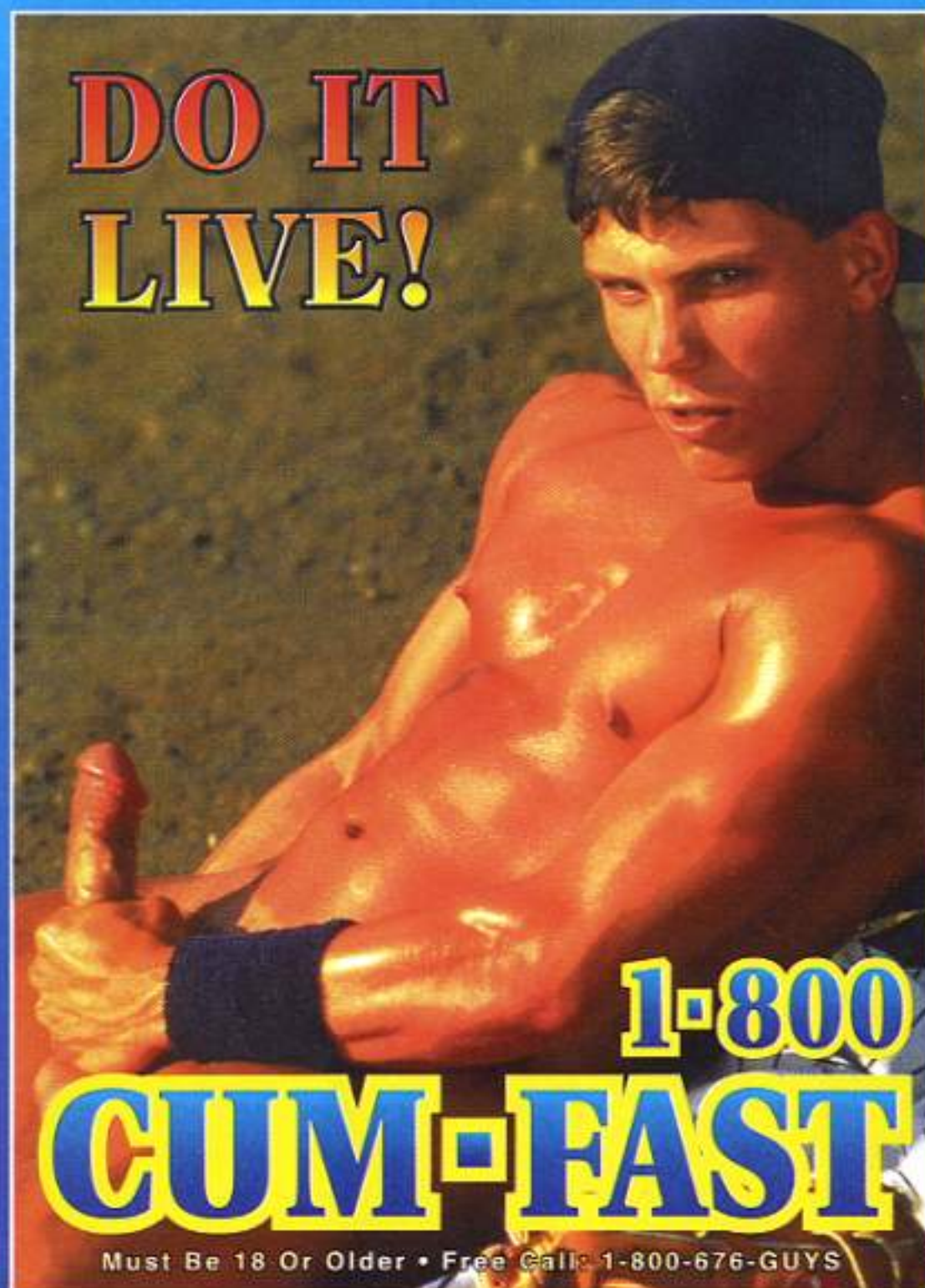
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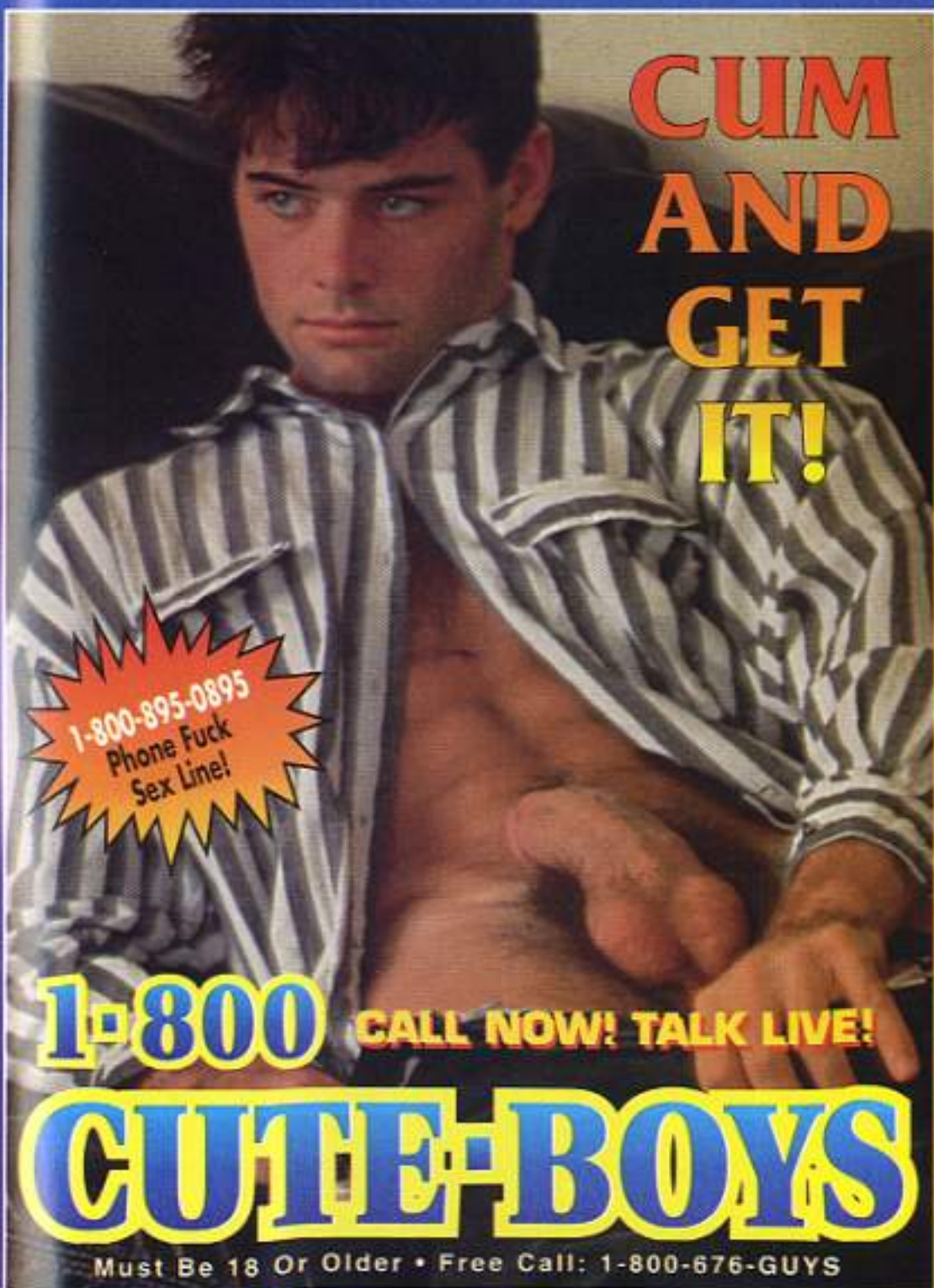


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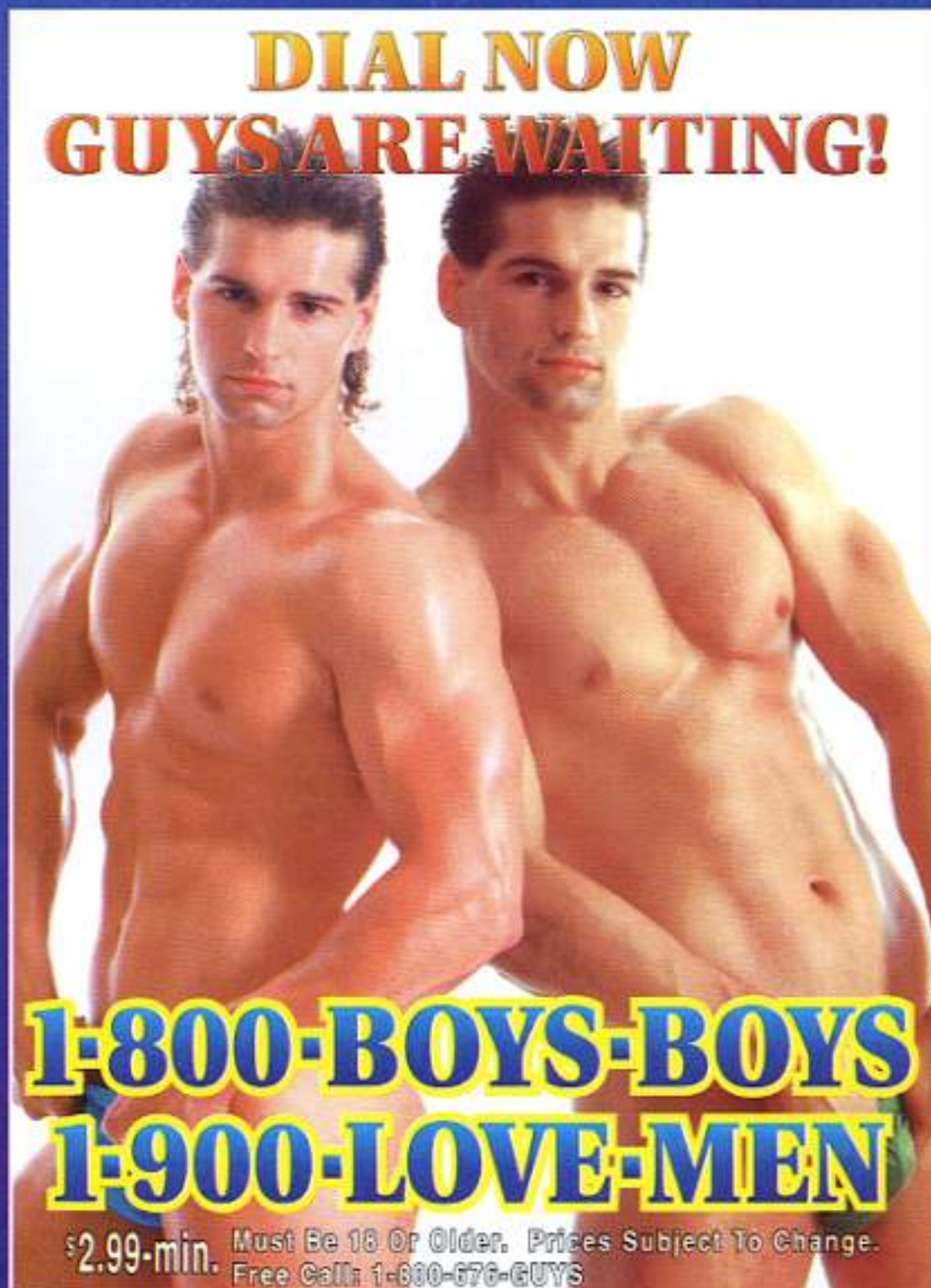
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